

NO 15
MARCH

FORBIDDEN WORLDS

What WAS
THE STRANGE SECRET
THAT TURNED A BEAUTI-
FUL WOMAN INTO A
RAVENING BEAST FROM
OUT OF THE **UNKNOWN?**
SEE THE STARTLING ANSWER
IN...
**"The VAMPIRE
CAT!"**

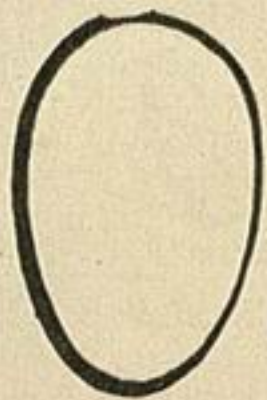
MY STRENGTH'S ...
FAILING! I CAN'T FIGHT
OFF THIS DEMON...ANY
LONGER...



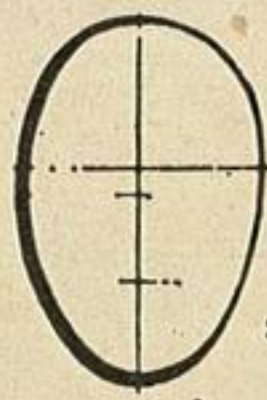


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WHAT KNOWLEDGE WE HAVE OF THE GRIM CREATURES OF THE BEYOND IS FRAGMENTARY---AND OFTEN MIS-LEADING! UNTIL RECENTLY, FOR EXAMPLE, IT WAS BELIEVED THAT THE MOST DREADED OF NIGHT CREATURES---THE VAMPIRE---COULD TAKE ONLY THE FORM OF A BAT---BUT NOW WE HAVE LEARNED OTHERWISE---AS WAS PROVED BY THE SPINE-CHILLING CAREER OF---

The VAMPIRE CAT!



IT WAS ALL HALLOWS EVE, AND MIDNIGHT APPROACHED ---BUT ALL WAS MERRIMENT AT THE HOME OF FLO BLAIN---





AS STEVE WAITED ON THE TERRACE...

HELLO...I'VE BEEN **LOOKING** FOR YOU! YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN WHO **HASN'T** ASKED ME TO DANCE!

WELL, I HAPPEN TO BE **ENGAGED**... TO FLO!



IT SEEMED ONLY AN INNOCENT FLIRTATION, GIVING NO HINT OF THE IMPENDING DISASTER...UNTIL...

THAT STRANGE TREE... WHAT KIND IS IT?

IT'S CALLED A... **'PHILOSOPHER TREE'**? THE CHINESE SAY THAT IF YOU MAKE A **WISH** BENEATH IT...AT **MIDNIGHT**... THE WISH WILL COME **TRUE!**



IF I WERE **SUPERSTITIOUS**, I'D WISH FOR... **THIS!**



AT THAT MOMENT, VILMA'S CHARMS WERE IRRESISTIBLE, **HYPNOTIC**...AND...

STEVE...HOW **COULD** YOU?



FLO'S WISH WAS ONLY A MOMENTARY IMPULSE...

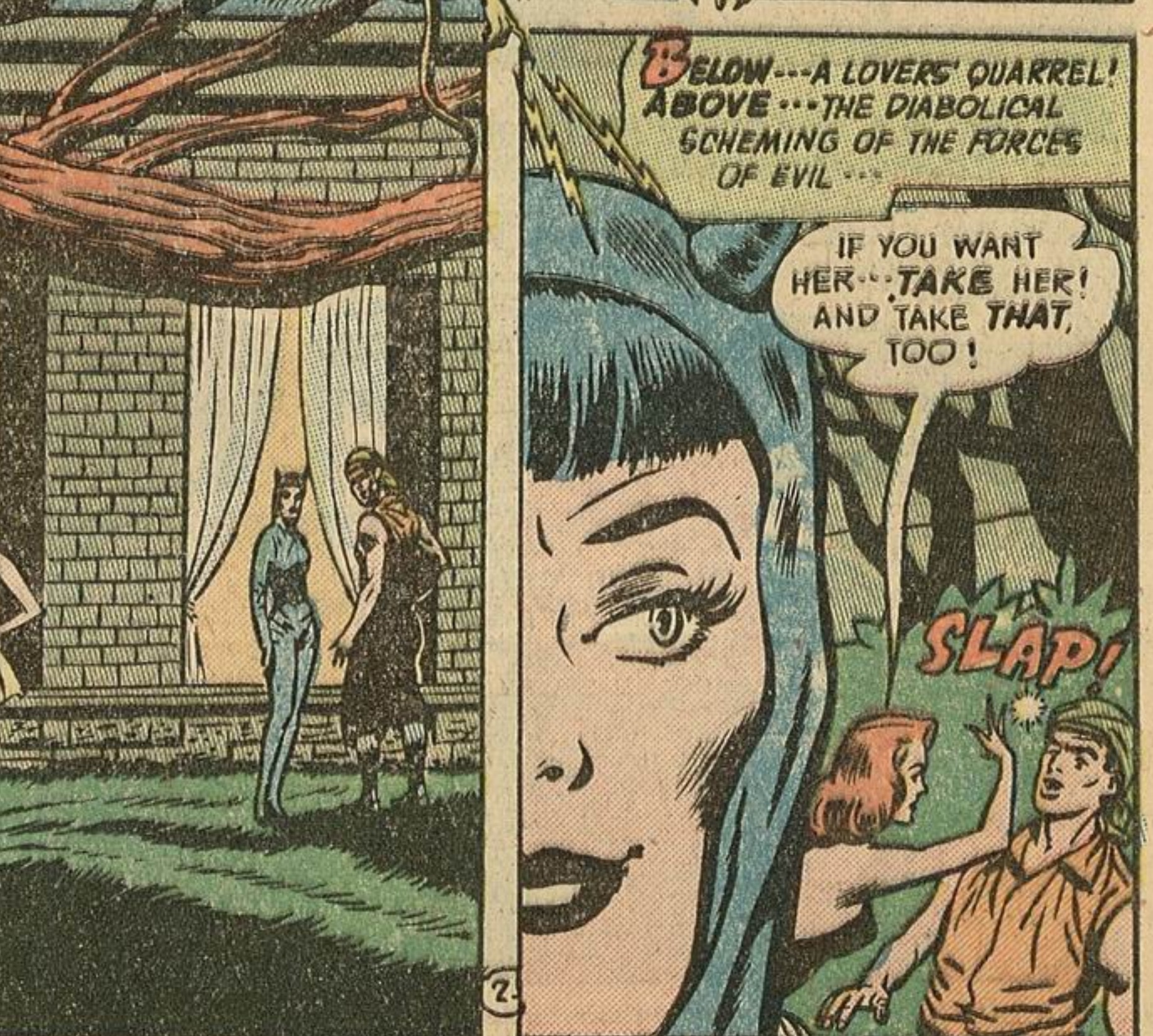
THAT...HUSSY! SHE LOOKS LIKE A CAT...I WISH SHE'D TURN INTO ONE!



BUT...THAT INNOCENT WISH WAS MADE BENEATH THE **PHILOSOPHER TREE**...AS THE GEEPLE CLOCK TOLLED...THE **WITCHING HOUR!**

HA! AT LAST...THE TREE HAS BEEN WISHED UPON...AND THE WISH SHALL BE **GRANTED!**

BONG! BONG! BONG!



BELOW...A LOVERS' QUARREL! ABOVE...THE **DIABOLICAL** SCHEMING OF THE FORCES OF EVIL...

IF YOU WANT HER...**TAKE HER!** AND TAKE THAT, TOO!

SLAP!



ON THE WAY HOME...VILMA FELT A DREAD CHANGE COME OVER HER...

IT'S ALMOST MORNING!
I MUST FIND A VICTIM
QUICKLY...BEFORE
DAWN!



AFTER PARKING NEAR A DARKENED ALLEY...

AH...WHAT LUCK!
EVERYTHING IS...
PERFECT!



HUGE TALONS RAKED THE DARKNESS...
BESTIAL JAWS HUNGRED FOR PREY...
WHILE DEATH LOOKED ON!

H-HELP!



WHEN THE VICTIM HAD BEEN CLAIMED...

IT...IT'S DONE...AND
I'M SAVED! BUT BEFORE
TOMORROW'S DAWN...I
MUST PROWL AGAIN!
HA...NOW I HAVE POWER
...NOW ALL MY ENEMIES
WILL SUFFER!



FOR THREE NIGHTS VILMA'S
REIGN OF TERROR CONTINUED!
THEN, AT A SMALL DINNER
PARTY GIVEN BY FLO'S MOTHER
TO RECONCILE THE PARTED
LOVERS...

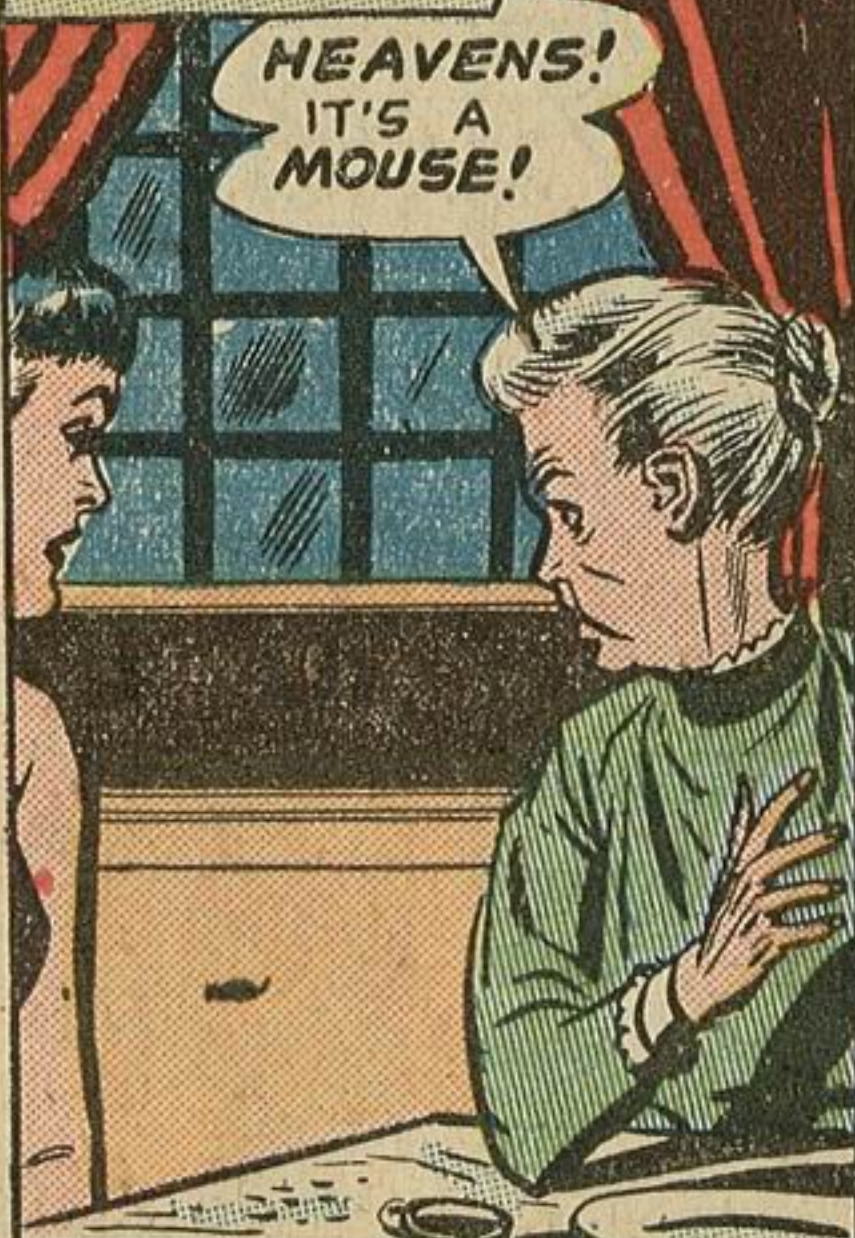
...AND SO I
ASKED VILMA
HERE TO EX-
PLAIN WHAT
HAPPENED!
AFTER ALL, IT
WAS A GAY
PARTY AND...

IT'S NOT
NECESSARY TO
EXPLAIN, MOTHER
...STEVE AND I
HAVE
ALREADY
MADE
UP!



SUDDENLY...AN
UNINVITED GUEST...

HEAVENS!
IT'S A
MOUSE!



IMPULSIVELY, WITH A CATLIKE LEAP, VILMA
SWOOPED UP THE TERRIFIED CREATURE...

HA! GOT
HIM!



AS VILMA RELEASED THE MOUSE---A FEARFUL THOUGHT ENTERED STEVE'S MIND---

GREAT GUNS---VILMA LOOKED AS IF SHE WERE READY TO---
EAT IT!
 I... I THINK WE'D ALL BETTER GO OUT ON THE TERRACE FOR COFFEE!

SOON, ANOTHER INCIDENT THAT HELD GRIM MEANING---

OH! GET THAT NASTY BEAST AWAY!

REX... COME HERE! I'LL HAVE TO TIE YOU UP IN THE GARDEN!

LATER---AS A MURDEROUS FIGURE STALKED THE SHADOWY GARDEN---

YIPE!

YOU WON'T GET **ANOTHER** CHANCE TO GIVE ME AWAY!

WHEN THE MANGLED CORPSE WAS FOUND---

OH---POOR REX, HE'S BEEN **CLAWED** TO DEATH!

HE...HE'S BEEN **TORN TO SHREDS**...AS IF BY SOME **GREAT CAT!**

C-CAT? DARLING...I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING **GHASTLY**...SOME-THING **UNBELIEVABLE**...BUT I **CAN'T SHAKE THE IDEA!**

THEN MAYBE YOU'D BETTER **TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT!**

FLO TOLD OF HER GIRLISH WISH...THAT HAD BEEN MADE UNDER THE PHILOSOPHER TREE---AT MIDNIGHT---

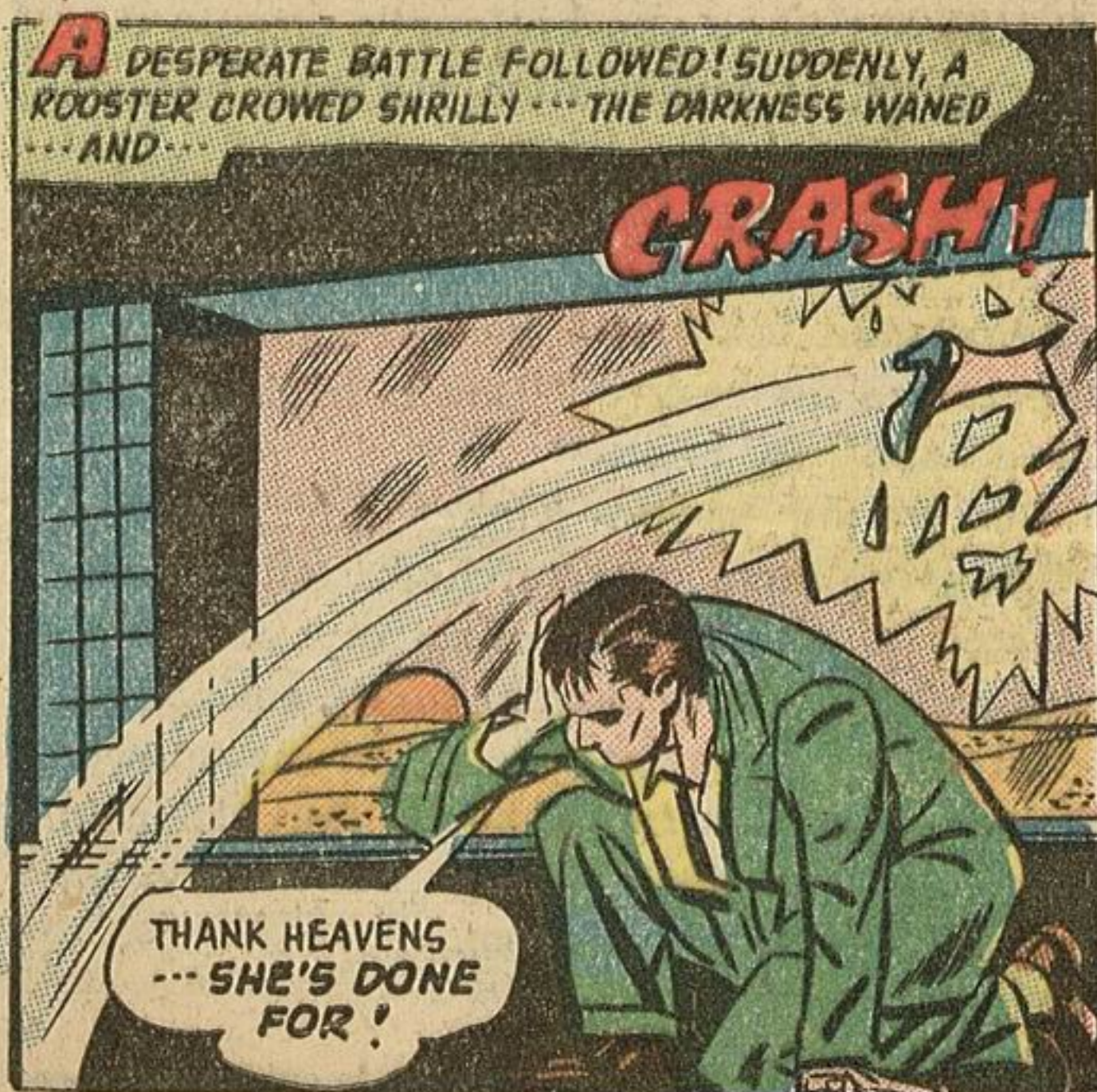
BUT---IT'S ONLY A **LEGEND!** IT COULDN'T HAVE COME **TRUE!**

OF COURSE NOT, HONEY---**FORGET IT!**

BUT NEARBY, A HATE-CRAZED MIND LISTENED...AND PLOTTED **AWFUL VENGEANCE!**

SO...IT WAS **SHE** WHO STARTED THIS! THE FOOL...SHE'S GIVEN ME THE POWER I'VE ALWAYS WANTED! NOW...**SHE MUST DIE!**





OUT *of the* PAST

ALONE IN THE large bedroom of his mansion, with an old photograph album spread before him, Martin Kleber had to fight down a momentary twinge of regret. "Weakness!" he mumbled through toothless gums. "Mere weakness! Life has no place for regrets. I've fought hard for what I've got, and I'm not sorry for anything!"

But he couldn't help wondering exactly when in the past he had made his will so inflexible. As a boy most people had liked him. "People are such fools," he thought. "The world is a jungle, and only those with sharp claws and bared fangs can survive."

He'd operated on this principle when he'd gone into business, allowing nothing to stand in the way of his success. For a long time he had been disturbed by emotions of pity and compassion for those he crushed, but all such evidences of conscience he eventually rooted out of himself.

To acquire such discipline meant fighting down pity whenever he felt it. He forced himself to be ruthless when there was no reason, except to prove to himself that he was pitiless. When a competitor ended up as a pauper or suicide, Martin Kleber would chuckle at their stupidity.

Turning the withered leaves of the album he came across a picture of the only girl he had ever loved, so very long ago. She had loved him too, but she had been very poor, and Martin Kleber had wanted money more than love. So, when he had the opportunity, he married an heiress, and systematically drove her mad so that he could have complete control of her fortune. The girl he really loved had committed suicide. He felt pity then, but now Martin Kleber laughed: "The fool! Love is for weaklings!"

Like many old men, he was fascinated by pictures of himself taken in youth. He gazed almost hypnotically at a large yellowing photograph taken during his

college years. The face was handsome and open, honest. Kleber smiled triumphantly. He'd changed that face. He'd utterly destroyed the all too human person he had once been.

It was quite late, and the logs in the fireplace were beginning to fall into embers. Kleber's old eyes were tired, and he pulled himself to his feet, intending to go to bed. But once again he looked at the youthful photograph. "Yes," he repeated aloud. "I destroyed you!"

Impulsively, he snatched it up and tore it to bits, flinging the pieces into the dying flames. Instantly, there was a shriek of agony, filling the entire room at once.

Horribly startled, Kleber whirled around, his old heart pounding. There, standing at the opposite end of the room, was young Martin Kleber, gazing at him intently. Aghast, the old man stumbled back, his heart throbbing louder.

"Yes, Martin," said the specter hollowly, "you *have* destroyed me, and *yourself* as well! All your life I've fought for you. I was your better nature, always prompting you to do good. When you felt pity, it was *my* work, when you felt compassion, it was *my* doing. Until tonight there was always some little spark of me left alive in you, but when you callously tore up that photograph it meant that you had become *completely* evil, beyond hope. That instant set me free, Martin, free to..."

The old man's heart was beating like a trip-hammer. "No!" he pleaded as the specter advanced. "Don't frighten me! Keep back! My heart!"

But young Martin Kleber advanced relentlessly, arms outstretched. Old Martin emitted a single shattering cry of terror, just before his weakened heart collapsed.

When servants finally came in answer to the fearful death shout, the old man was already dead...lying awkwardly on the floor of the empty room...

THERE WAS **EVIL** IN THE SWAMP, BUT A **FORTUNE** AS WELL-- ENOUGH TREASURE TO URGE THE TWISTED MINDS OF TWO VILLAINOUS MEN ALONG VIOLENT PATHS AND TO MURDEROUS ACTS! DEEPER AND DEEPER THEY PUSHED, AND ALL THAT STOOD BETWEEN THEM AND THE PINNACLE OF HORROR WAS THE SPUTTERING FLAME OF...

The GLORY HAND



IN A SMALL CEMETERY, DEEP IN SOUTHERN LOUISIANA --

O WORTHY JUDGE, RECEIVE THESE MORTAL REMAINS INTO THY BOSOM FOREVERMORE! AMEN!



THAT WAS A HEAP O' PRAYERS THE PREACHER MADE OVER THAT COFFIN! I DON'T COTTON TO MESSIN' AROUND WITH IT!

SHUT UP, BARROWS, OR I'LL BASH IN YOUR SKULL! WE'RE DIGGIN' THAT CORPSE UP-- TONIGHT!



AS THE MOON RODE HIGH, THE TWO MEN SET ABOUT THEIR GRISLY TASK!

THAT DOES IT, SIMMS! I'M STANDING ON THE COFFIN RIGHT NOW!

GOOD! LEMME GIVE YOU A HAND WITH IT!



IT... IT'S AWFUL HEAVY! FEELS LIKE A TON!

STOP CRABBIN' AN' PULL! WE AIN'T GOT ALL NIGHT!



AS SIMMS FORCED OPEN THE CREAKING COFFIN LID--

IT'S THE **LEFT** HAND WE'RE AFTER, BARROWS-- NOW HOLD THAT SACK STEADY AN' QUIT SHAKIN'!

I-- I CAN'T HELP IT! GET IT OVER WITH BEFORE I START YELLING MY HEAD OFF!



SECONDS LATER--

THERE-- THAT DOES IT!

Y-- YOU CARRY IT, SIMMS! I DON'T WANT TO TOUCH IT!



OKAY, NOW THAT WE GOT IT, WHAT DO WE DO NEXT?

WE TAKE IT TO **MERE FAUPIN**, STUPID! YOU KNOW IT'S USELESS TO US UNTIL SHE GIVES IT HER SPECIAL MAGIC! AN' REMEMBER-- WHEN WE GET THERE, **I'LL DO THE TALKIN'!**

AT MERE FAUPIN'S SHACK, NOT FAR FROM THE DISMAL SWAMPLANDS--

I DONE EXACTLY WHAT YOU TOLD ME! IN THIS SACK I GOT THE LEFT HAND OF A MAN DEAD NOT MORE THAN SEVEN HOURS! CAN YOU MAKE IT INTO A **GLORY HAND**-- LIKE YOU SAID?

YES, BUT NOT BEFORE I'VE PERFORMED THE SECRET RITES!



THEN **DO** IT-- LIKE YOU PROMISED! REMEMBER, I PAID YOU **THREE** PIECES OF GOLD!

FOOL-- THREE PIECES OF GOLD IS **NOTHING!** I WANT **MORE** FOR MY SERVICE-- **MUCH MORE!**





WHY, YOU LYIN' WITCH! DON'T CROSS ME, OR... THREATS WILL GET YOU NOWHERE! UNHAND ME BEFORE I CURSE YOUR MISERABLE BONES TO EVERLASTING FIRE!



I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE AFTER, SIMMS! IT'S THE BURIED **TREASURE** OF THE DEAD PIRATE **JEAN LATOUR**! FOR THREE YEARS YOU'VE SEARCHED THE SWAMP WITHOUT ANY LUCK! ONLY A **GLORY HAND** FIXED WITH MY SPECIAL MAGIC CAN FIND IT FOR YOU! I'M WILLIN' TO HELP, BUT I WANT MY RIGHTFUL SHARE -- **HALF THE TREASURE!**

HALF THE--!



YOU DRIVE A HARD BARGAIN, HAG-- BUT, OKAY-- **YOU WIN!** NOW GET TO WORK! WITH PLEASURE, MY BLOODY FRIEND! IT WON'T TAKE LONG!



SLOWLY, THE FEARFUL MINUTES DRAGGED BY-- I... I DON'T TRUST HER, SIMMS-- THEY SAY HER MAGIC CARRIES A POWERFUL CURSE! STOP SNIVILIN'-- AN' LEAVE THE WORRYIN' TO ME!



THEN, IN A VOICE DRIPPING WITH EVIL -- HEARKEN SPIRITS OF OUR EVIL BAND-- RAISE THE DEMON OF THE GLORY HAND!



SUDDENLY MERE FAUPIN SPUN ABOUT-- THE SPUTTERING GLORY HAND HELD ALOFT-- LOOK! THE SMOKE COMING FROM THE FLAME-- IT'S TAKING ON SOME KIND OF SHAPE!



IT... IT'S COMIN' AT ME, SIMMS-- DON'T LET IT GET ME! DON'T!

STOP CHATTERING, YOU SPINELESS FOOL! SO LONG AS I AM HERE, IT CANNOT HARM YOU!

HEAR MY WORDS, O DEMON! WHOEVER CARRIES THIS **GLORY HAND** YOU MUST PROTECT AGAINST ALL HARM!
I SHALL-- SO LONG AS THE **FLAME BURNS!**



IT-- IT'S GONE!

HERE-- TAKE THIS! THE **GLORY HAND** WILL LEAD YOU TO THE TREASURE, BUT THERE IS ONE THING YOU MUST GUARD AGAINST! **THE FLAME OF THE CANDLE MUST NOT GO OUT!**

SHOULD THE FLAME BE EXTINGUISHED, WHOEVER CHANCES UPON THE HIDING PLACE OF THE CURSED TREASURE WILL MEET WITH ENORMOUS DANGER -- WITH EVIL FROM OUT OF THE **UNKNOWN ITSELF!**



OKAY-- I GET IT!

AND REMEMBER, MY SLIMY PARTNER-- WHEN THE TREASURE IS FOUND, ONE HALF OF IT IS **MINE-- AND NO TRICKS!**



JUST AS YOU SAY-- AND NO...



... TRICKS!

ARGHHH!

SHE-- SHE'S DEAD! SURE! THREE'S A **CROWD**, AIN'T IT? THOUGHT SHE'D PUT ONE OVER ON **ME!** HA! WELL, I SHOWED HER!



I... I'M THROUGH, SIMMS-- I DON'T WANT NO PART OF THIS!

LISTEN TO ME, YOU FOOL! ONCE SHE FIXED UP THIS GLORY HAND, THERE WAS NO POINT KEEPIN' HER AROUND! THERE'S GONNA BE A LOT MORE TREASURE WHEN WE DIVIDE IT **TWO** WAYS INSTEAD OF THREE! NOW LET'S GET MOVIN'!

FORCING THE WEAKER MAN BEFORE HIM, SIMMS PLUNGED INTO THE MURKY DEPTHS OF THE TREACHEROUS SWAMP--

I-- I'M **SCARED**, SIMMS! MY KNEES ARE SHAKIN' LIKE I GOT THE FITS!

JUST KEEP THINKIN' OF THE **TREASURE** AN' YOU WON'T HAVE **TIME** TO BE SCARED!

LOOK-- OVER THERE! SOMETHIN'S **WAITIN'** FOR US! THEY'RE MURDERING **DEMONS**-- READY TO SUCK US INTO THE BOGS!

THEM'S NOTHIN' BUT TREE STUMPS AN' DEAD BRANCHES! YOU'RE LOSIN' YOUR GRIP, PAL-- NOW **SHUT UP!**



Suddenly--

THE **GLORY HAND!** IT-- IT'S PULLIN' ME FORWARD -- LIKE IT'S ALIVE! **C'MON--** WE MUST BE NEARIN' THE SPOT!

I'M COMIN-- **DON'T LEAVE ME!**

DEEPER AND DEEP, INTO THE STEAMING SWAMPS--

THE HAND-- IT'S TWISTED **AROUND!** IT'S POINTIN' **DOWN!**

THEN THIS IS **IT!** WE'VE FOUND THE **TREASURE!**

DON'T JUST **STAND** THERE! START **DIGGIN'!** **DIG... DIG... DIG!**



BARROWS WORKED SWIFTLY, BUT SIMMS URGED HIM ON RELENTLESSLY!

I'VE BEEN :PUFF: DIGGIN' STEADY FOR TWENTY MINUTES! I-- I'M JUST ABOUT DEAD!

YOU **WILL** BE IF YOU STOP! **KEEP AT IT! FASTER... FASTER!**

Then--

SIMMS! I'VE HIT SOMETHING! IT LOOKS LIKE-- IT IS! IT'S A CHEST!



IT'S THE CHEST, ALL RIGHT! THE BURIED TREASURE OF CAPTAIN LATOUR! WE'RE **RICH, SIMMS-- RICH!**

STOP YELLIN' AND LEND A HAND! GET IT OUTA THERE!



DRAGGING THEIR PRIZE OUT, SIMMS WASTED NO TIME --

GREEDILY, BARROWS THREW BACK THE LID--

THAT DID IT-- THE LOCK'S SMASHED!

LOOK! GOLD... DIAMONDS... PEARLS! A FORTUNE-- AND IT'S ALL OURS-- OURS!

NO, BARROWS, NOT OURS...

...MINE!

THUD!



HE DIDN'T **DESERVE** TO SHARE IN THIS! HE WAS NOTHIN' BUT A SNIVILIN' COWARD! HAA-HAAA! SOMETIMES **TWO'S** A CROWD!



IN HIS GREEDY HASTE, SIMMS FORGOT THAT THE EXTINGUISHED GLORY HAND WAS BEHIND HIM! FURIOUSLY, HE STRUGGLED FORWARD WITH THE CHEST-- WHILE ALL ABOUT HIM MENACING SHADOWS SURGED AND WEAVED THROUGH THE GLOOM--



THESE STUMPS ALMOST **DO** LOOK ALIVE! AND THE SHADOWS-- BUT I MUSTN'T THINK OF THEM! GOTTA PUSH ON-- ON--

WH--WHAT'S **THAT**? THAT SUCKING NOISE! SOMETHING'S STIRRIN' AROUND ME-- SOMETHIN' **ALIVE**! WHO'S THERE? **WHO'S THERE?**



NO ONE BUT **US**! I, **CAPTAIN JEAN LATOUR**, AND MY **LOYAL CREW!**

G-GET OUTA MY WAY! YOU CAN'T HARM **ME**! STAND BACK-- **BACK!**



WAIT! THE OLD WITCH SAID THE **GLORY HAND** WOULD **PROTECT** ME! SHE **PROMISED!**

FOOL! THE FLAME WENT **OUT** WHEN YOU KILLED BARROWS! ITS PROTECTIVE POWER IS **GONE**! NOW I COME TO **RECLAIM MY TREASURE!**



BUT IT'S **MINE** NOW-- **MINE**! I'VE ROBBED A GRAVE AND **MURDERED** FOR IT! **NO ONE** IS TAKING IT FROM ME! **NO ONE WILL...**



KEEP AWAY! DON'T COME NEAR! DON'T-- DON'T!



WHEN DAWN CAME, LITTLE REMAINED OF THE NIGHT'S GRISLY WORK! A GRASPING HAND STILL CLUTCHED THE CORNER OF AN ANCIENT CHEST-- A GLAZED EYE, DEVOID OF LIFE, STARED BLANKLY! BUT THE RELENTLESS MUD STILL SUCKED DOWNWARDS, AND SOON-- **NOTHING** WOULD REMAIN!



The End

From **YOUR EDITOR-** to **YOU!**

SEVERAL WEEKS AGO we got an excited telephone call from our printer. "Wow!" he fairly screamed into the phone. "That last issue of 'Forbidden Worlds', it was the *greatest!* Everybody in the plant is reading it! Secretaries, printers, linotypers, switchboard girls, they're all so engrossed we can't get a lick of business done!"

We apologized for throwing a monkey wrench into the operations of his firm, but afterwards we sat back rather pleased with ourselves. After all, everybody enjoys having his efforts crowned with success. And we remembered how hard the work had been, gathering together the best writers, artists, and researchers from the four corners of our great country. Finally, with our staff assembled, we set about the formidable task of producing a supernatural comic that would be without a rival in the field. Yes, there were great efforts, great hopes, and vast amounts of money bound up in these operations, and when our product was finally ready for sale, all we could do was sit back nervously and wait for *your* reaction.

It wasn't long in coming. Almost instantly we were deluged with mail from fans and dealers everywhere. "Yes!" they chorused. "It's great! It's different!" But now everybody wanted more, more, more! But we refused to be hurried, for we had vowed that only the most gripping and spellbinding

yarns would ever appear in the pages of 'Forbidden Worlds'. And so we have continued to put the same painstaking care into each issue, often taking many months to bring a story to the vibrant perfection we crave.

Now, if only for a moment, we can sit back contentedly, for *this* issue is beyond doubt the greatest we've ever offered our fans. "The Vampire Cat!", an eerie tale of dark and satanic evil, matches its superb illustration. "The Glory Hand" is different, a chilling tale born in the dank bayous of the brooding Louisiana swamps. A fascinating report of weird happenings in the uncharted jungles sent our researchers scurrying for details, and we're sure you'll agree that "The Winged Terror" is one of the most astounding stories in years. And who could help but thrill to "The Death Slave", an action-packed supernatural drama replete with thrills and chills from grim start to overwhelming climax!

We're sometimes asked how we *know* just what our fans want. It's simple. We just read your letters and act accordingly. The policies of 'Forbidden Worlds' are based on *your* preferences, so please, let us know your reactions to this issue, simply by writing to The Editor, 'Forbidden Worlds', 45 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. We'll publish your comments as soon as possible. And now, let's dip into our mailbag:

"Dear Editor:-

I am a high school student, and after reading a recent issue of 'Forbidden Worlds' I have become greatly interested in the supernatural. I especially enjoyed 'The Mummy's Treasure'. Thank you for such a keen book.

--Marvin Ginsburg, Providence, R. I."

"Dear Editor:-

I've read many comics, but like 'Forbidden Worlds' so much I've almost quit reading the others. I'm sure many people feel as I do about it. I liked 'The Curse of Rada' best in your recent issue. I prefer stories about Voodoo.

--Lavona Brown, Mattoon, Illinois"

"Dear Editor:-

I have just finished your last issue of 'Forbidden Worlds' and found the story of 'The Unknown Vampire' one of the best I've ever read. I'd like to see more yarns about vampires.

--Duane Elliott, Mount Vernon, N. Y."

The WINGED TERROR



The torch of science has illuminated many of nature's dark secrets, but there are times when the light flickers, dims, and plunges us into total darkness! Then, from the shadowy realms of forbidden worlds, dread horrors may emerge-- horrors as diabolically evil as...
THE WINGED TERROR!



IN THE HEART OF THE AMAZON JUNGLES--

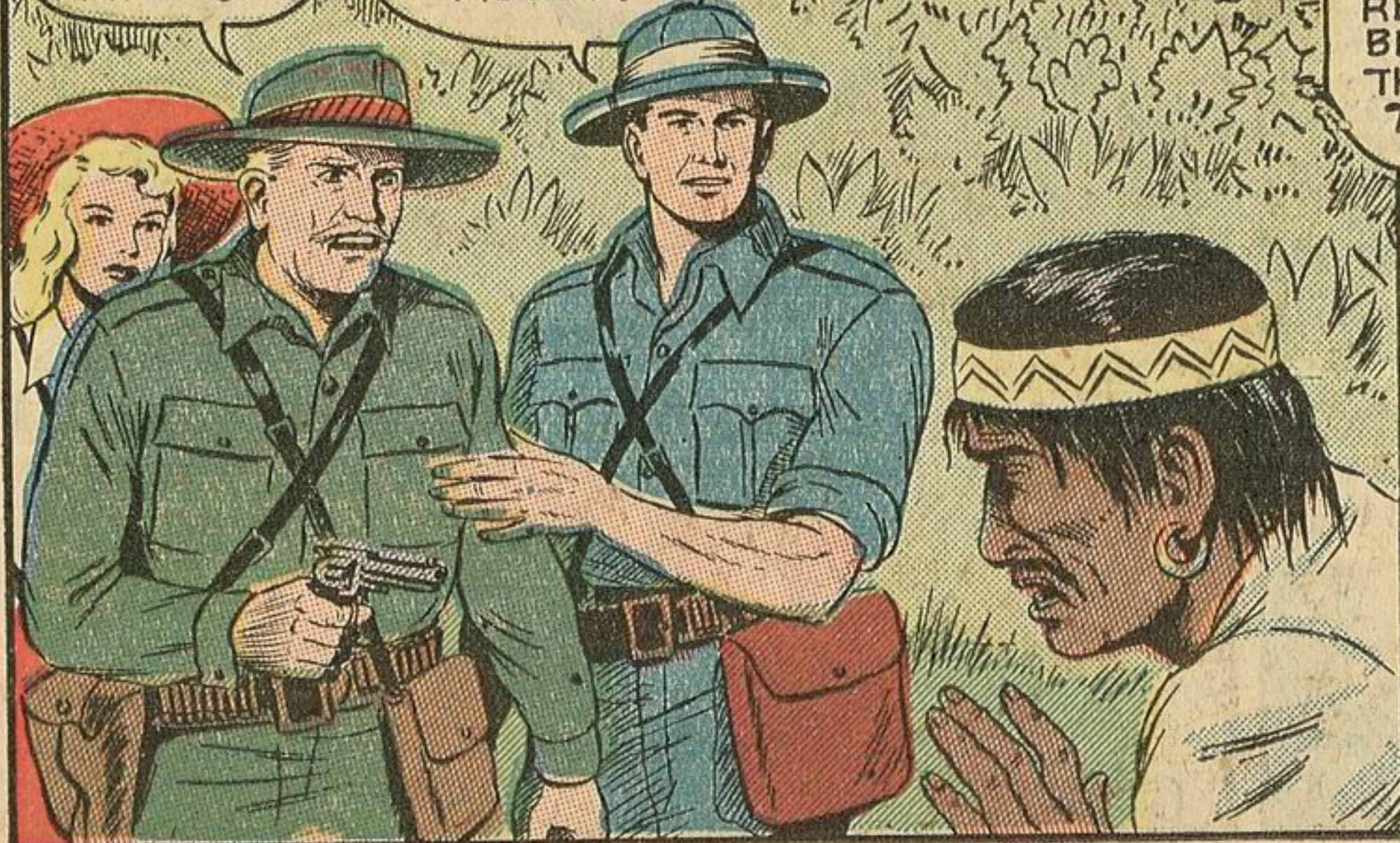
BUT YOU CAN'T LEAVE US NOW, BALLU-- WE'D NEVER MAKE THAT MOUNTAIN ALONE!

FORBIDDEN TO ENTER CHAPPI JUNGLE! WE GO BACK NOW! WE GO BACK!



YOU'LL TAKE US, BALLU, EVEN IF I HAVE TO---

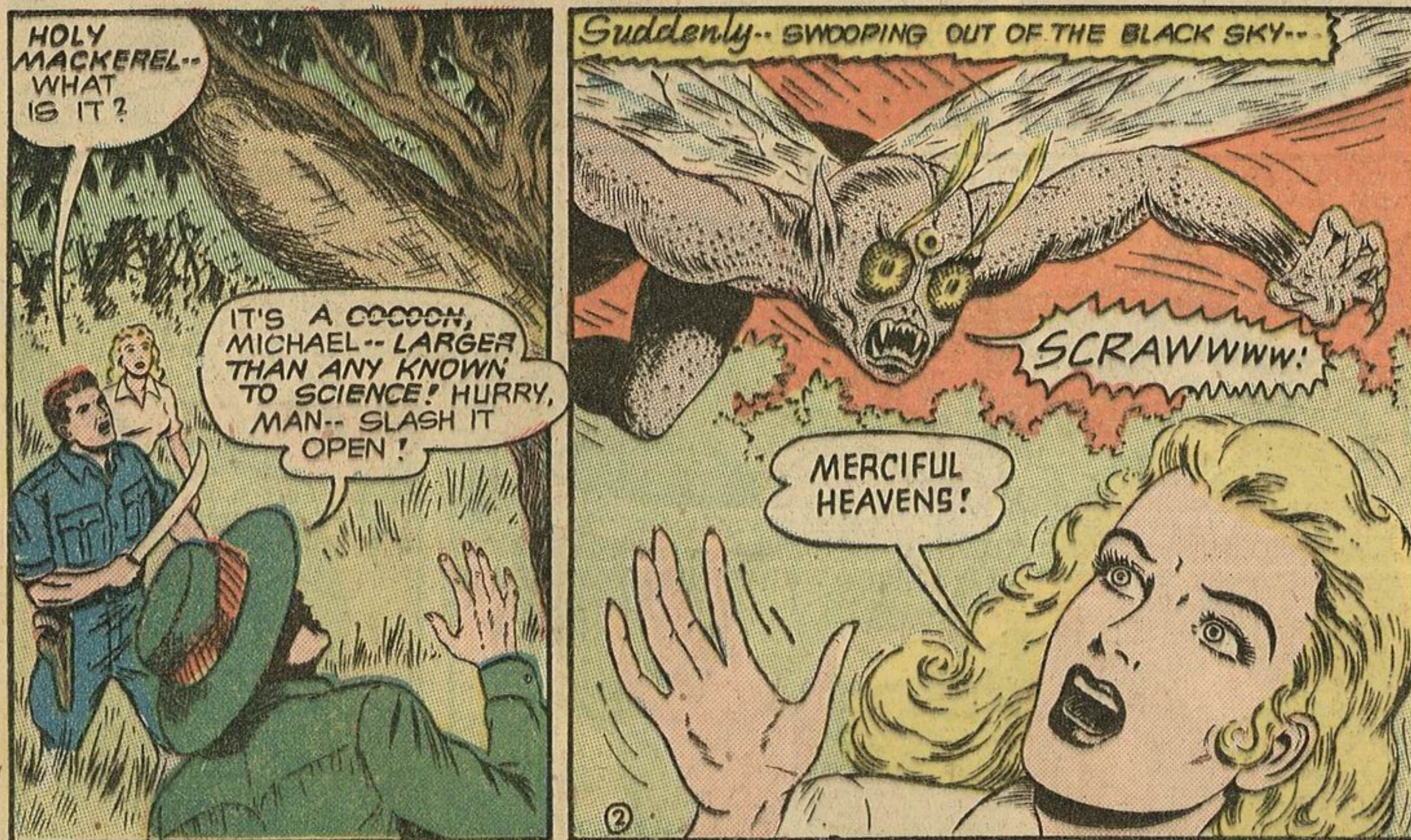
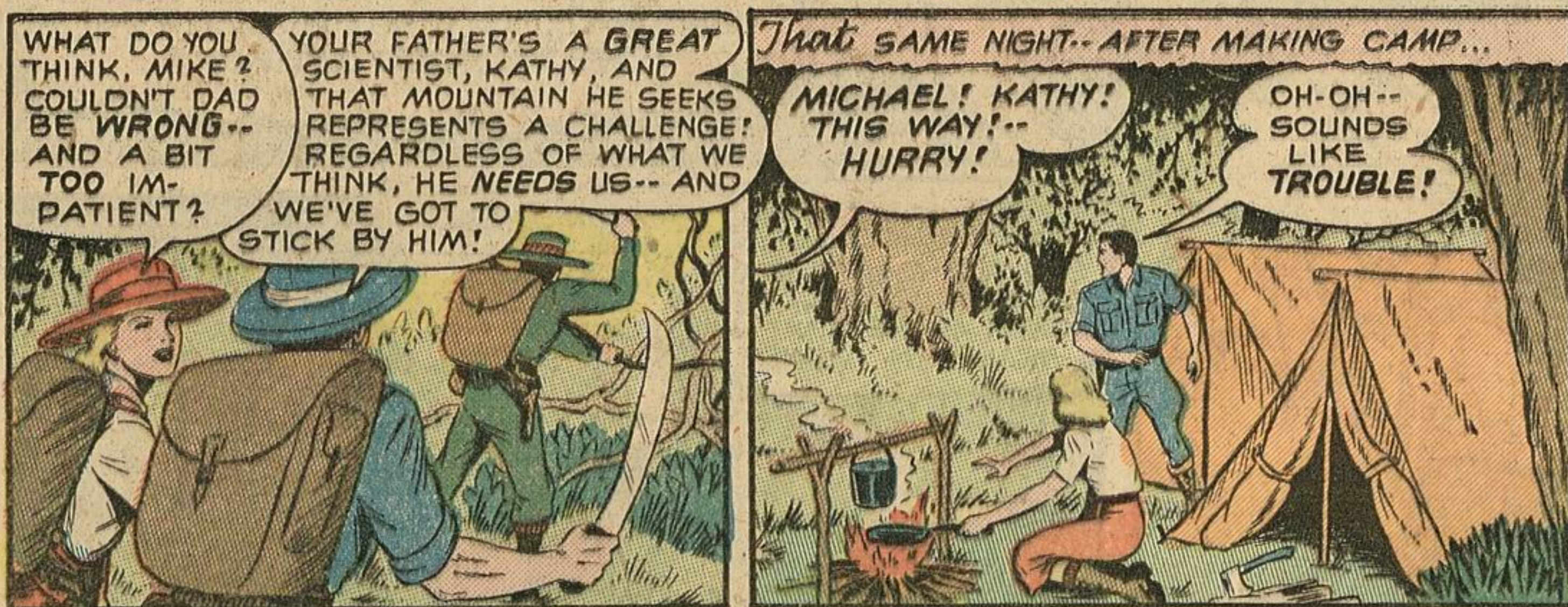
THAT WON'T HELP, SIR! LET'S HEAR WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

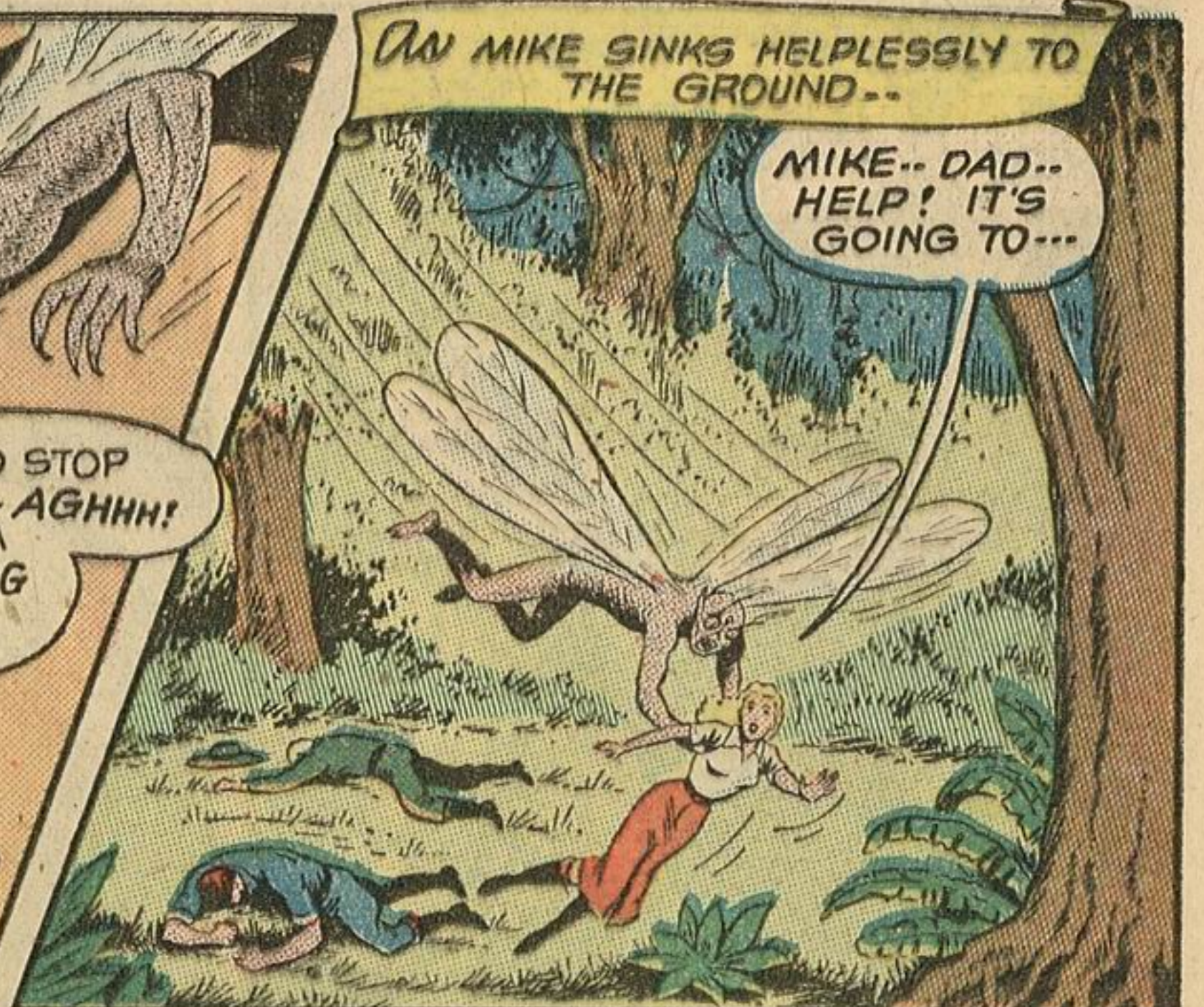


IN A VOICE TINGED WITH DREAD--

CHAPPI JUNGLE IS HOME OF EVIL GODS! THOSE WHO ENTER NEVER RETURN-- SOME DIE, BUT MANY BECOME **CHIWALLIES!** THEY FLY THROUGH AIR-- KILL **EVERY-THING!** LISTEN TO BALLU! **GO BACK!**







After THE FEVERISH APPLICATION OF FIRST AID--

WAIT! THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT'S INSIDE!

Y-YOU SAY KATHY IS GONE? BUT WHERE? WE MUST GO AFTER HER!

SURE, BUT FIRST THERE'S SOMETHING WE HAVE TO DO! SOMETHING THAT MIGHT GIVE US A CLUE TO THIS INCREDIBLE BUSINESS!

EXACTLY-- BUT I'M GOING TO FIND OUT!



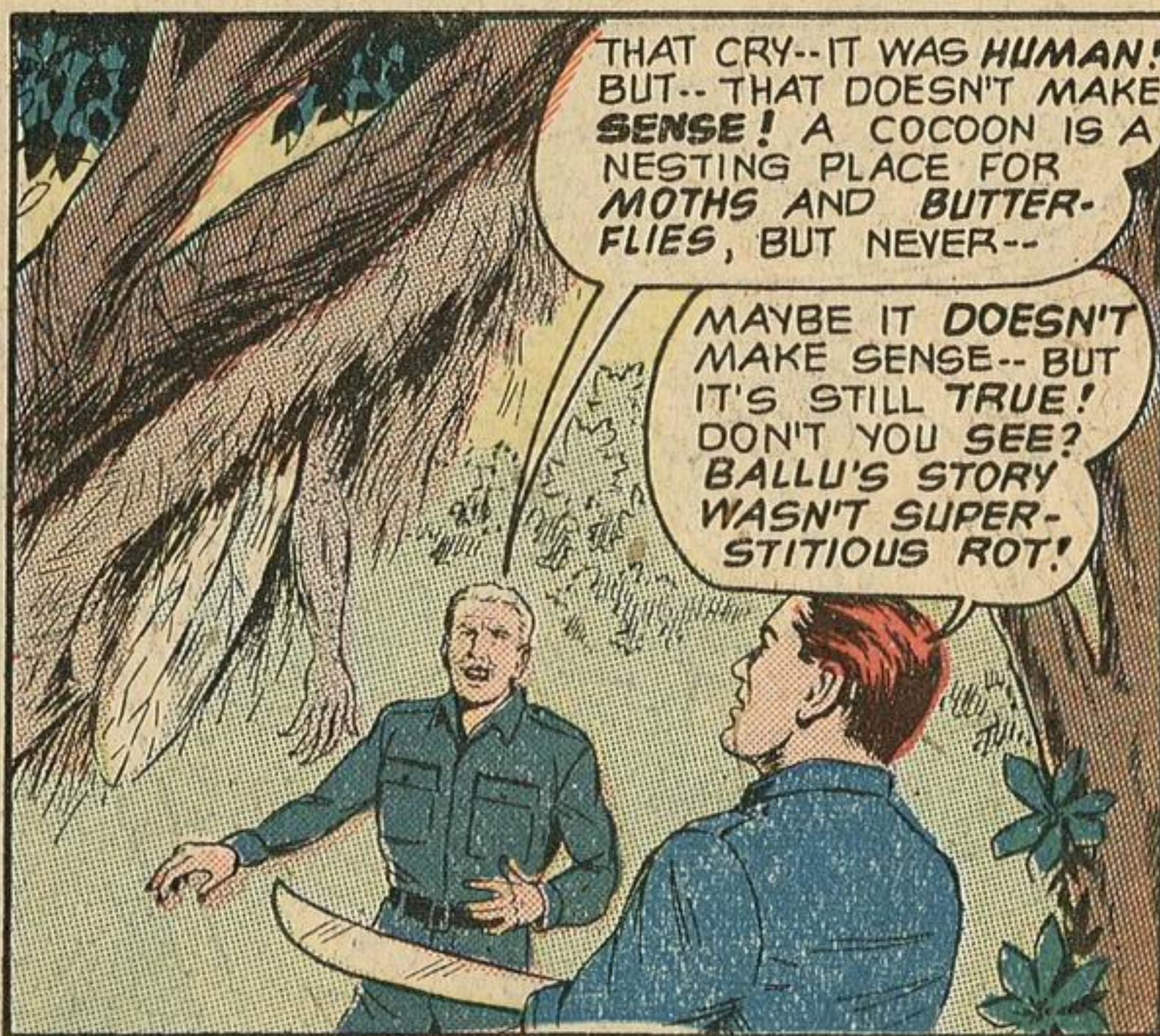
LIKE THIS!

ARGHH!



THAT CRY--IT WAS HUMAN! BUT-- THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! A COCOON IS A NESTING PLACE FOR MOTHS AND BUTTERFLIES, BUT NEVER--

MAYBE IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE-- BUT IT'S STILL TRUE! DON'T YOU SEE? BALLU'S STORY WASN'T SUPERSTITIOUS ROT!



HE SAID THOSE WHO ENTERED THIS JUNGLE WERE CHANGED INTO CHI-WALLIES --THEIR WORD FOR FLYING CREATURES! THIS SOUNDS FAR-FETCHED, BUT THESE CREATURES MUST PLACE THEIR VICTIMS IN THESE COCOONS, AND AFTER A PERIOD OF TIME, THE HUMANS HATCH OUT AS ONE OF THEIR OWN KIND!

I'M NOT JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS, BUT I'M STARTING OUT AFTER HER AT ONCE! AND I CAN TRAVEL FASTER ALONE!

I-- I UNDERSTAND! GO-- AND MAY THE FATES BE WITH YOU!

GREAT SCOTT! KATHY'S IN THEIR CLUTCHES NOW! DO YOU THINK THEY--?

Through EVER-THICKENING JUNGLE, MIKE PUSHED ON ALONE! THEN-- AS EVENING FELL--

THERE IT IS-- THE VOLCANO WE WERE SEARCHING FOR! BUT WHAT ARE THOSE THINGS WHEELING AROUND THE SUMMIT? WELL, THE ONLY WAY TO FIND OUT IS TO-- INVESTIGATE!



Approaching THE MOUNTAIN'S BASE--

IT'S THE CHIWALLIES ALL RIGHT, AND THIS MOUNTAIN MUST BE THE CENTER OF THEIR ACTIVITIES! NOW, IF I ONLY KNEW WHAT THEY'VE DONE TO KATHY, I COULD--



HOLY SMOKE-- A CAVE LEADING INTO THE MOUNTAIN! THIS COULD BE A SUCKER PLAY-- BUT I'VE GOT TO LOOK AROUND INSIDE!



Cautiously ADVANCING INTO THE GRIM PASSAGE--

THIS IS IT, ALL RIGHT-- SOME KIND OF MONSTROUS HATCHERY-- AND EACH OF THOSE COCOONS MUST CONTAIN A HUMAN VICTIM! IF THOSE FIENDS HAVE DONE ANYTHING TO KATHY, I'LL--



Suddenly--

OHH-HHH!

THAT SHRIEK-- IT'S KATHY!



Plunging ONWARD TOWARD THE CRY, OBLIVIOUS TO DANGER----

OH, MIKE-- THANK HEAVENS!

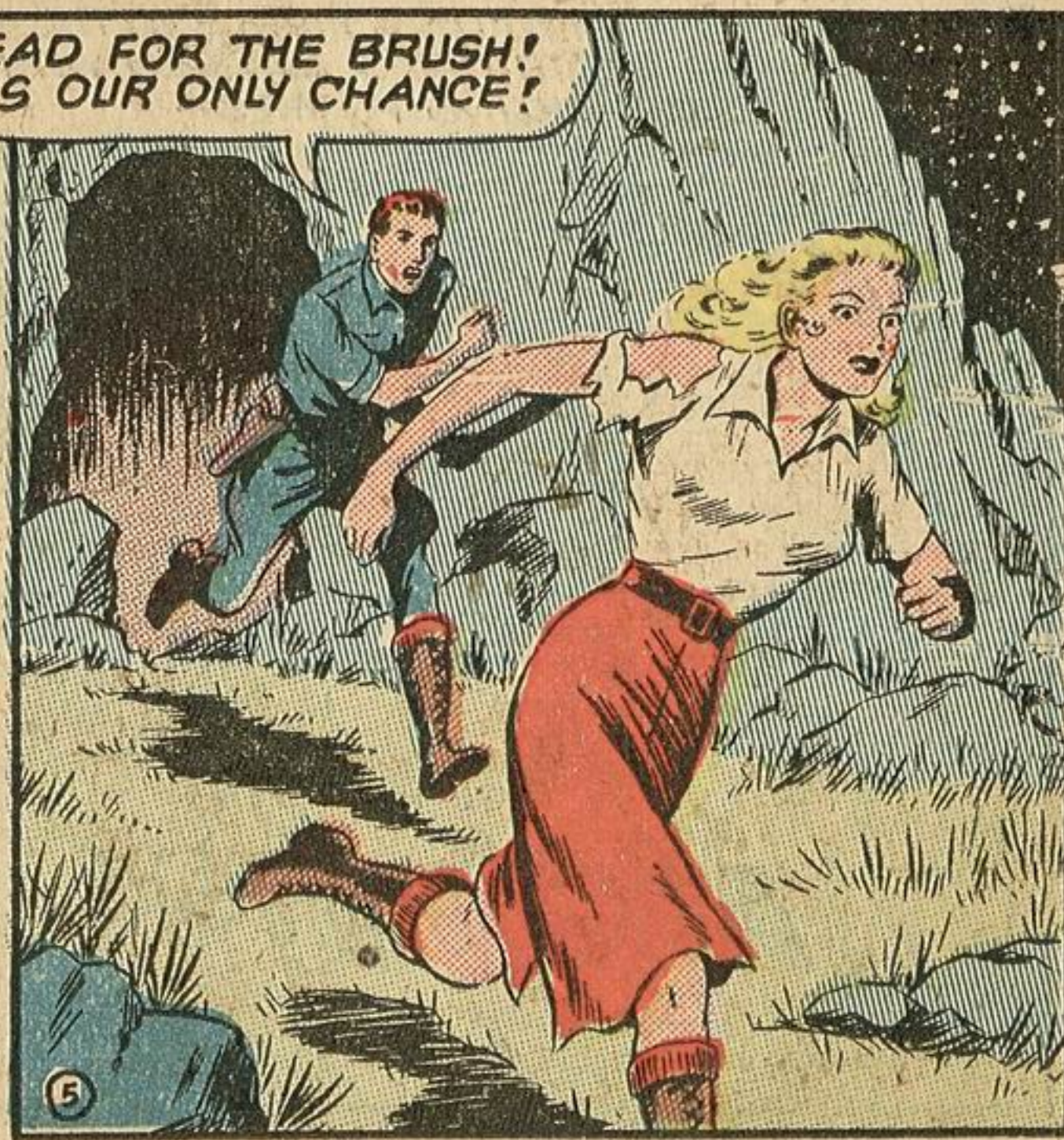
I'LL CUT YOU LOOSE PRONTO, HONEY-- THEN WE'VE GOT TO RUN LIKE BLAZES -- BECAUSE THOSE DEMONS MAY REAPPEAR ANY SECOND!



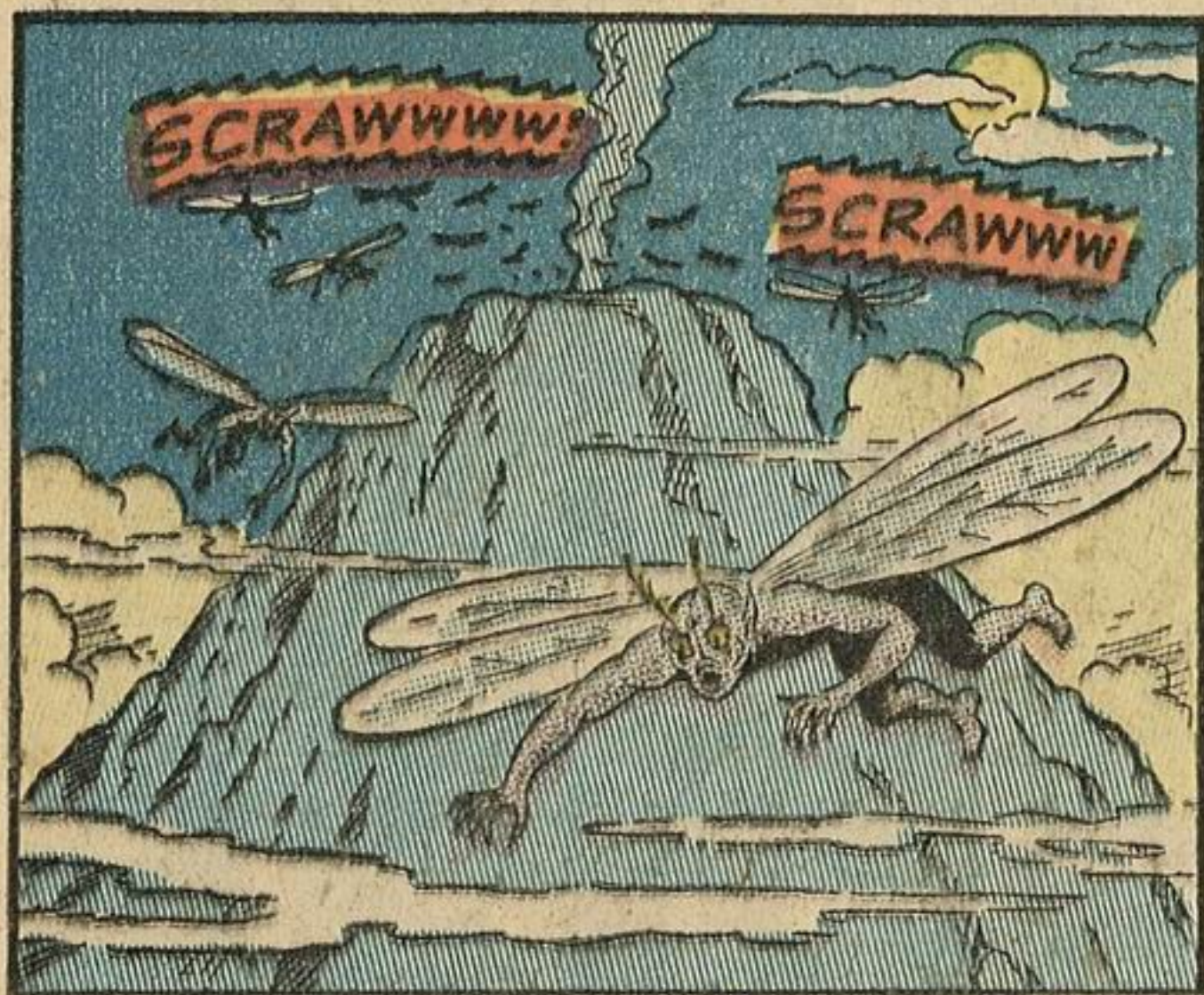
THERE-- THAT DOES IT!

TOO LATE! I HEAR THEM-- THEY'RE COMING BACK!

HEAD FOR THE BRUSH! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!



But AS THE TERRIFIED PAIR FLED FORWARD, A GHASTLY HORDE STREAMED FORTH FROM THE VOLCANO'S CRATER-- THE AIR VIBRATING TO THE BEAT OF ENORMOUS WINGS AND RAUCOUS CRIES--



The End

GHOSTLY AVENGERS of History

IN THE 1580'S, A POWERFUL MILITARY FIGURE CAME TO PROMINENCE IN BATTLE-TORN FRANCE-- THE **3RD DUKE OF GUISE**! KNIGHTS BY THE THOUSANDS FLOCKED TO THE BANNERS OF THIS POPULAR LEADER-- AROUSING THE JEALOUSY OF THE KING OF FRANCE, HENRY III!



FEARING THAT GUISE MIGHT TURN AGAINST HIM AND DEPRIVE HIM OF HIS THRONE, HENRY DECIDED TO GAIN THE DUKE'S LOYALTY BY MAKING HIM A LIEUTENANT-GENERAL OF THE ROYAL ARMIES!

NOW, YOU MUST SWEAR ETERNAL FEALTY TO ME, THE KING OF FRANCE!

I SWEAR ETERNAL FEALTY ONLY TO **FRANCE ITSELF!**



ALARMED AT WHAT HE CONSIDERED A THREAT, HENRY SUMMONED THE DUKE TO THE COURT OF BLOIS ON DECEMBER 25TH, 1588-- AND HAD HIM ASSASSINATED!

KILL HIM! DON'T LET HIM ESCAPE!

I... I WILL BE AVENGED---
AGHHHH!



GUISE WAS AVENGED ON AUGUST 1ST, 1589, BY A FANATICAL MONK, JACQUES CLEMENT-- WHO MANAGED TO SECURE AN AUDIENCE WITH THE KING--

NOW YOU DIE, VILLAIN-- FOR THE MURDER OF THE DUKE OF GUISE!

GUARDS-- SEIZE HIM!



BUT SUDDENLY-- AN AWFUL APPARITION FROM THE UNKNOWN!

IT... IT'S THE GHOST OF GUISE!



FLEE-- BEFORE HE STRIKES US DEAD!

THEN, WITH THE KING ABANDONED BY HIS GUARDS--

VENGEANCE IS MINE!

DIE, TYRANT!



THE DEED DONE, THE GHOSTLY AVENGER VANISHED, NEVER TO BE SEEN AGAIN!

The End



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ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

AT YOUR
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NEWSSTAND

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Of FORBIDDEN WORLDS, published Monthly at Buffalo, N. Y., for October 1st, 1952.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Preferred Publications, Inc., 8 Lord St., Buffalo, New York; Editor, Richard E. Hughes, 120 West 183rd St., New York, N. Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Frederick H. Iger, 50 Beverly Road, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Preferred Publications, Inc., 8 Lord St., Buffalo, New York; B. W. Sangor, 7 West 81st Street, New York, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per-

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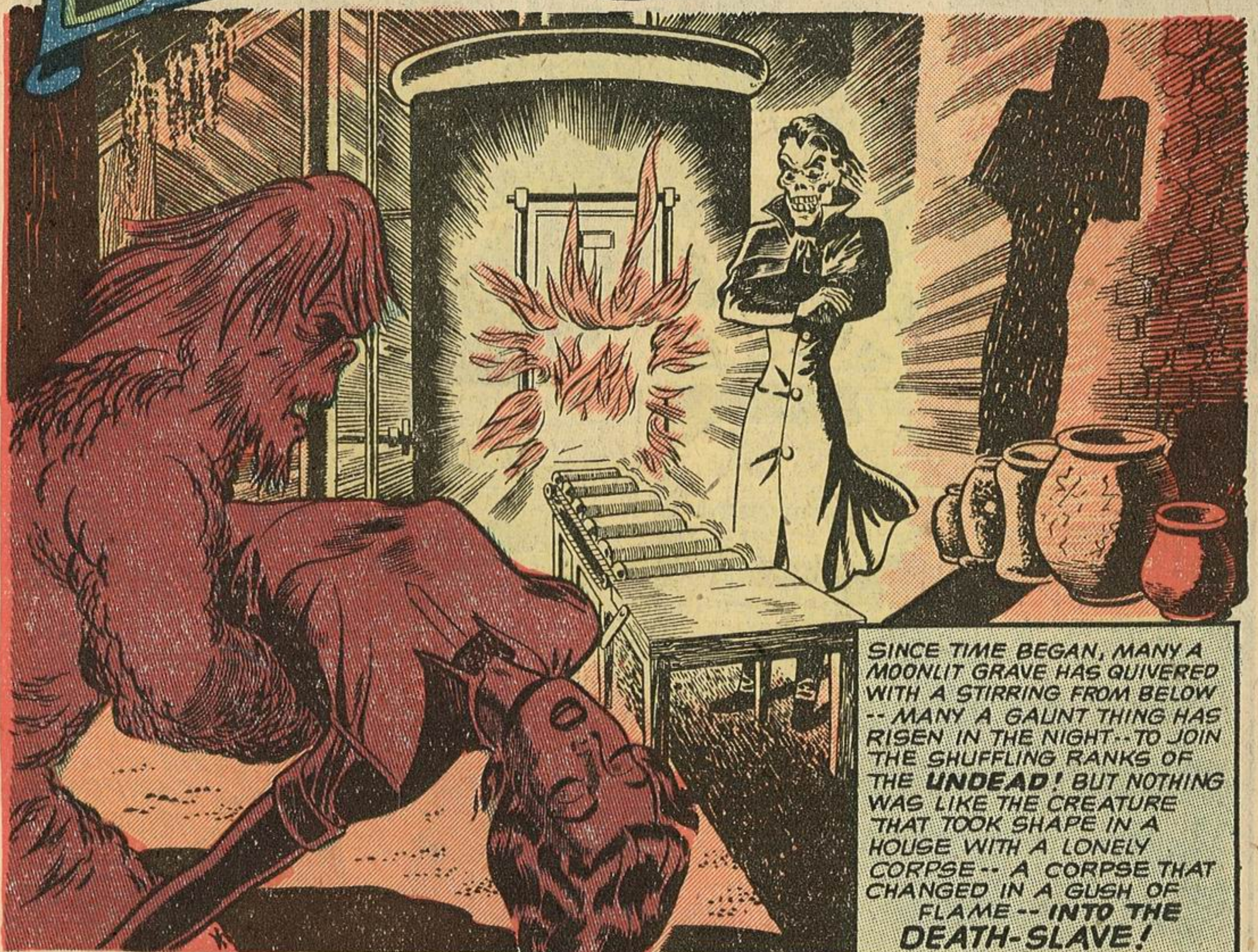
4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

(Signed) RICHARD E. HUGHES, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1952.

Nat C. Sherman, Notary Public, State of New York. (My commission expires March 30, 1953)

The DEATH SLAVE



SINCE TIME BEGAN, MANY A MOONLIT GRAVE HAS QUIVERED WITH A STIRRING FROM BELOW -- MANY A GAUNT THING HAS RISEN IN THE NIGHT -- TO JOIN THE SHUFFLING RANKS OF THE **UNDEAD**! BUT NOTHING WAS LIKE THE CREATURE THAT TOOK SHAPE IN A HOUSE WITH A LONELY CORPSE -- A CORPSE THAT CHANGED IN A GUSH OF FLAME -- INTO THE **DEATH-SLAVE**!

LATE ONE EVENING--

HOPE MR. JORDAN WON'T MIND MY UNEXPECTED VISIT-- WHEN HE LEARNS I WANT TO TAKE UP POTTERY AS A HOBBY! THE LIBRARIAN HAD JUST THIS ONE BOOK ON THE SUBJECT-- BUT SHE THOUGHT MR. JORDAN MIGHT BE ABLE TO LEND ME OTHERS!



STRANGE NO ONE ANSWERS-- WITH THE DOOR UNLOCKED AND THE LIGHTS BLAZING! I'D BETTER SEE IF ANYTHING'S WRONG!

IN A SILENCE THAT HANGS LIKE AN UNNATURAL CHILL --

OH! MR. JORDAN'S DEAD! IT MUST HAVE JUST HAPPENED-- HIS CIGARETTE STUB IS STILL SMOLDERING!



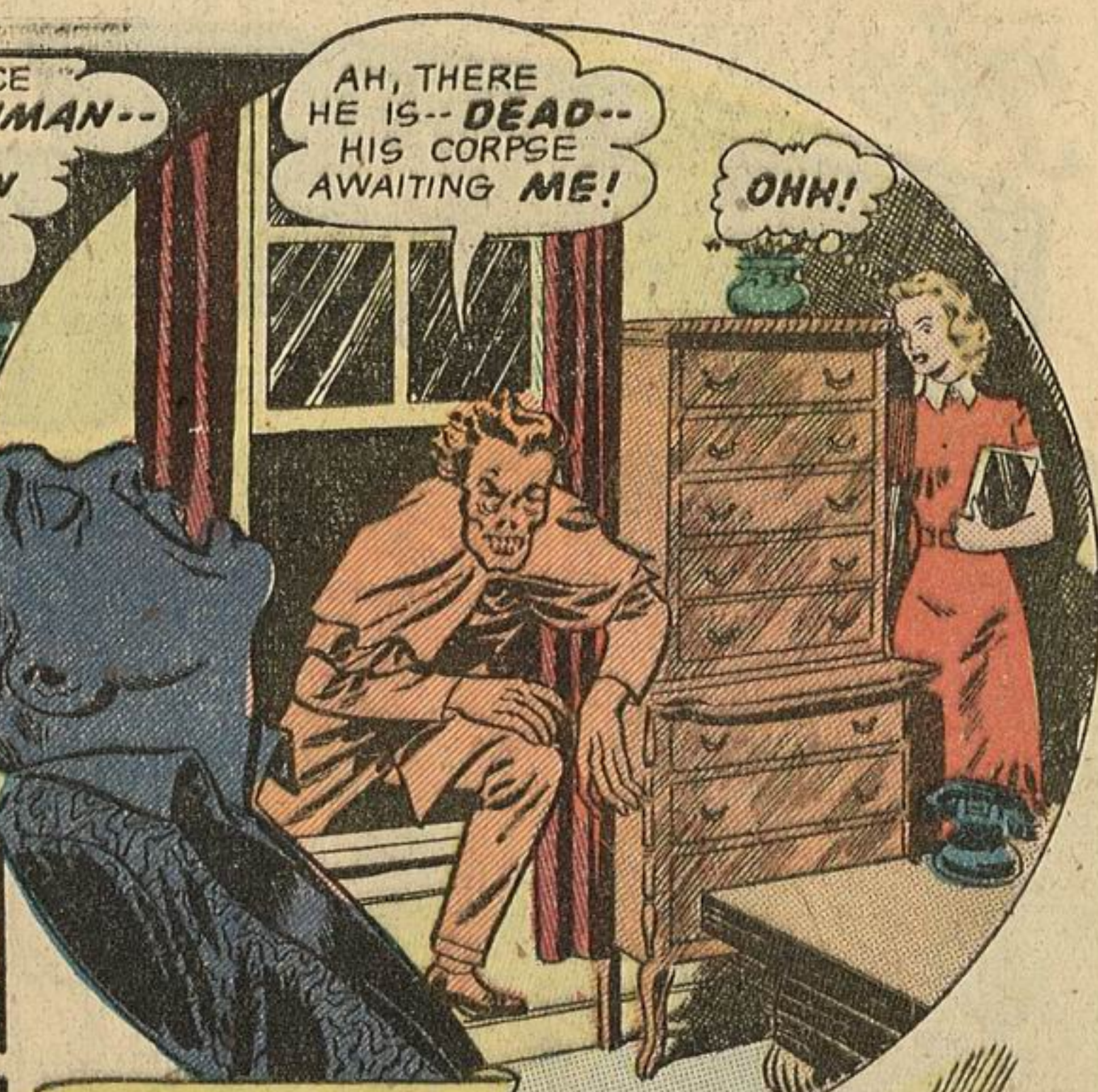
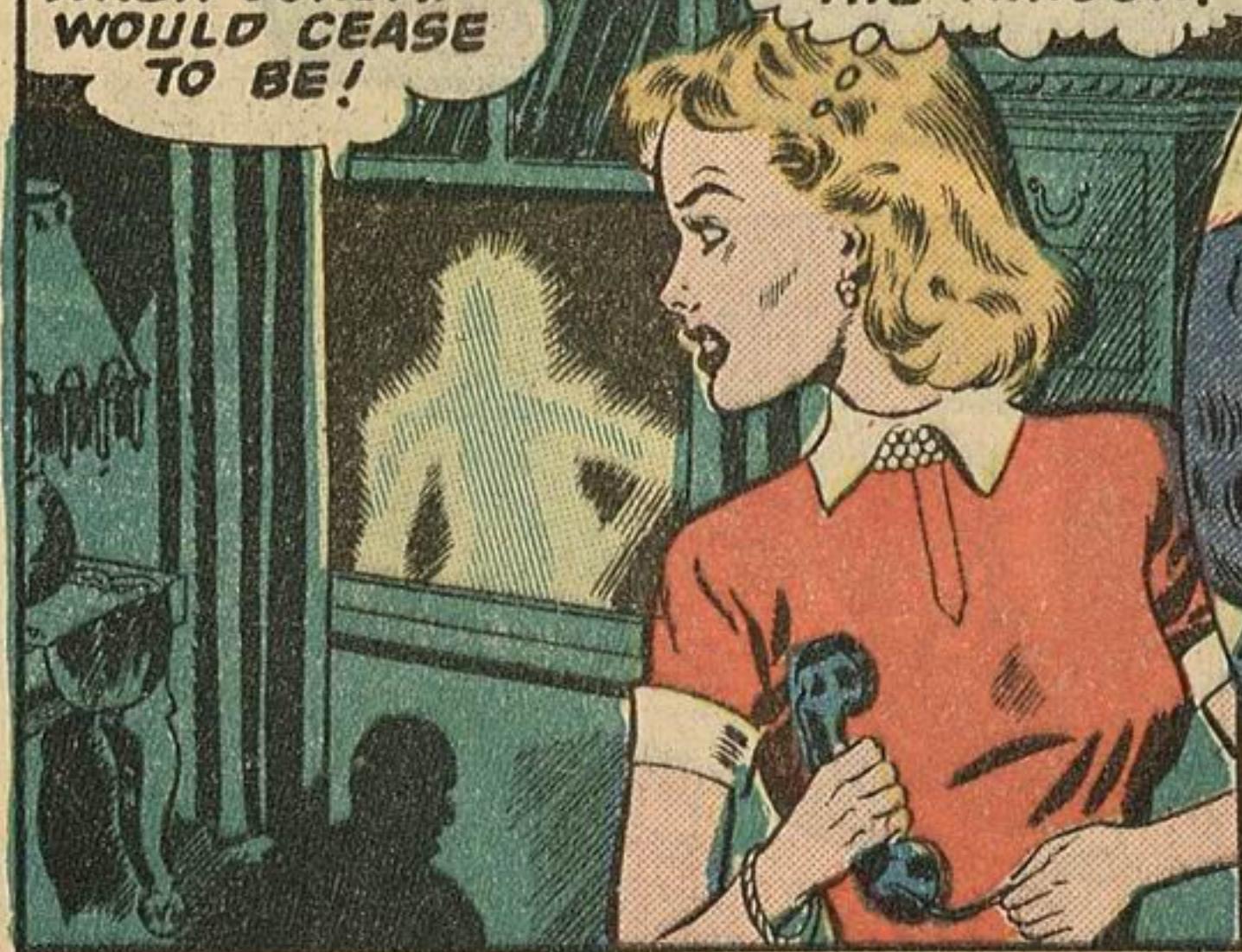
AS ELAINE REACHES FOR THE PHONE--

HA-HA! I WAITED FOR THIS NIGHT-- WHEN JORDAN WOULD CEASE TO BE!

GOOD HEAVENS! THAT VOICE SOUNDS ABSOLUTELY INHUMAN-- AND THERE'S A FLICKERING GLOW JUST OUTSIDE THE WINDOW!

AH, THERE HE IS-- DEAD-- HIS CORPSE AWAITING ME!

OH!



NOW MY PLAN CAN PROGRESS! HE'S STIFF, MOTIONLESS-- BUT IN A MOMENT, MY SPECTRAL POWERS WILL CHANGE THAT!

SOMETHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN-- SOMETHING HORRIBLE-- BUT WHAT?

WITH A VOICE THAT THROBS THROUGH THE MISTY REACHES OF THE BEYOND--



MOVE LIMBS --OPEN EYES! DEATH DEPART-- CORPSE RISE!

PLODDING-- DRAWN BY THE MAGNET OF AN EVIL WILL--

CORPSE-- TO THE CELLAR! I WILL HAVE A TASK FOR YOU TONIGHT-- WHEN YOU BECOME THE FIRST OF MY DEATH-SLAVES!

SLOWLY-- LIKE A ROBOT CHARGED WITH HORROR--

GOOD HEAVENS-- A DEAD BODY-- MOVING! I'M GETTING OUT OF THIS HIDEOUS PLACE!

A HUMAN WITNESS-- AFTER I COUNTED ON FINDING JORDAN ALONE! IT WAS A MISTAKE FOR HER TO COME HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE-- BUT DROPPING THIS BOOK WAS FATAL! HERE'S A LIBRARY CARD-- WITH HER NAME AND ADDRESS!



LATER, AT ELAINE'S HOME--

I CAN'T PHONE BILL-- HE MENTIONED SOMETHING ABOUT A BOWLING TOURNAMENT TONIGHT! BUT WHEN I THINK OF THAT HORRIBLE EXPERIENCE-- THE IDEA OF BEING **ALONE** TERRIFIES ME!



AS ELAINE SINKS INTO A TROUBLED SLEEP--

HER NAME-- ELAINE CAMERON!
HER ADDRESS-- FAIRLAWN ROAD!
HER FATE-- **DEATH-SLAVE!**



SUDDENLY--

HEAVENS--IT'S A GOOD THING I AWAKENED! I CAN DETECT SMOKE-- **CLOSE!**

BLINDLY, ELAINE FLINGS OPEN THE DOOR-- AND THERE--



OH! MERCIFUL HEAVENS-- WHAT IS IT?

THE SWIRLING CREATURE ADVANCES-- A PUFF OF SMOKE CURLING FROM ITS WRITHING GREY MOUTH--

NO-- NO! DON'T COME IN!



IT'S SPEAKING! IT'S A MONSTER MADE OF SMOKE, AND THE SMOKE CARRIES ITS VOICE!

I AM DEATH-SLAVE-- PLEDGED TO WHAT MASTER WANTS--

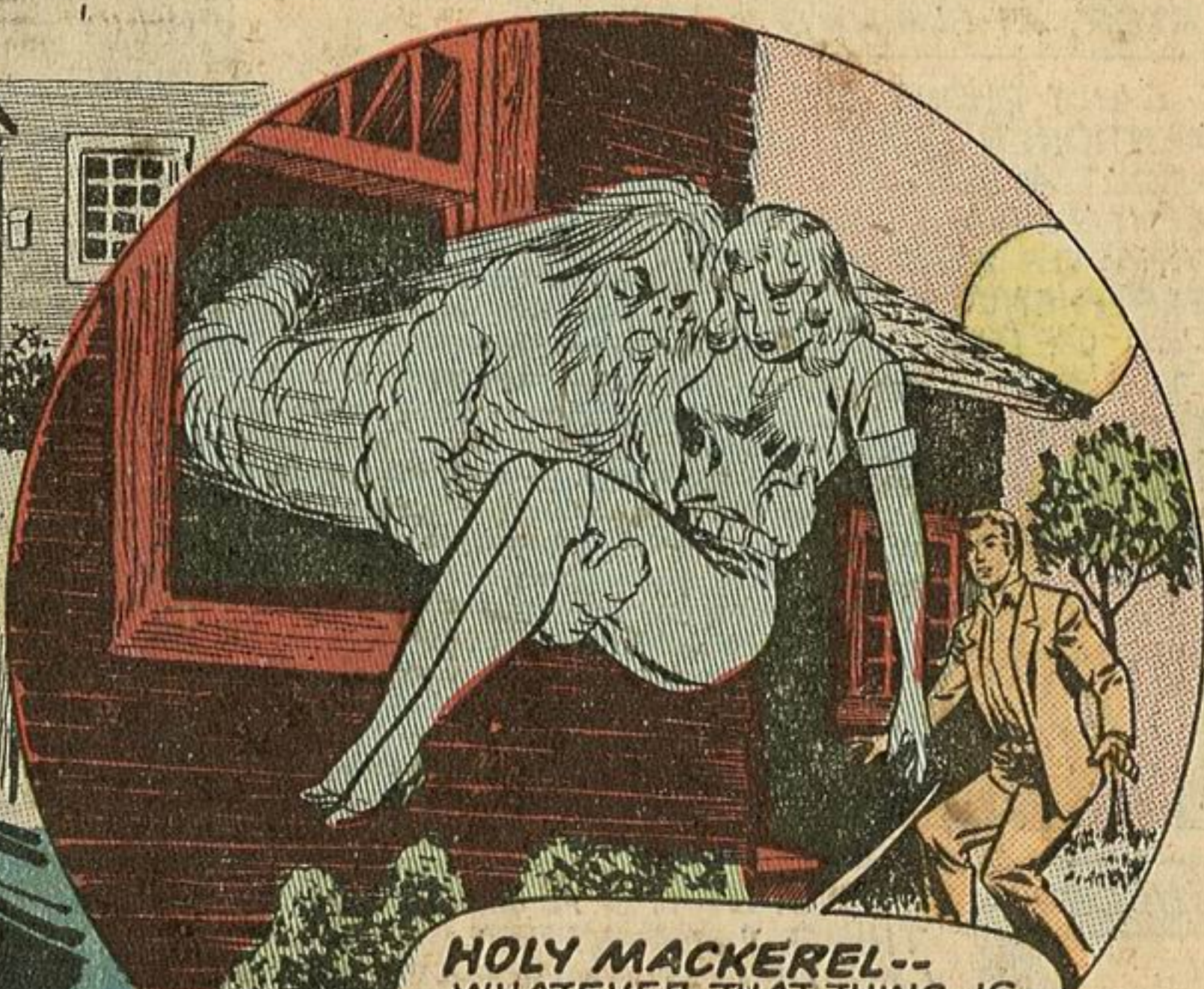
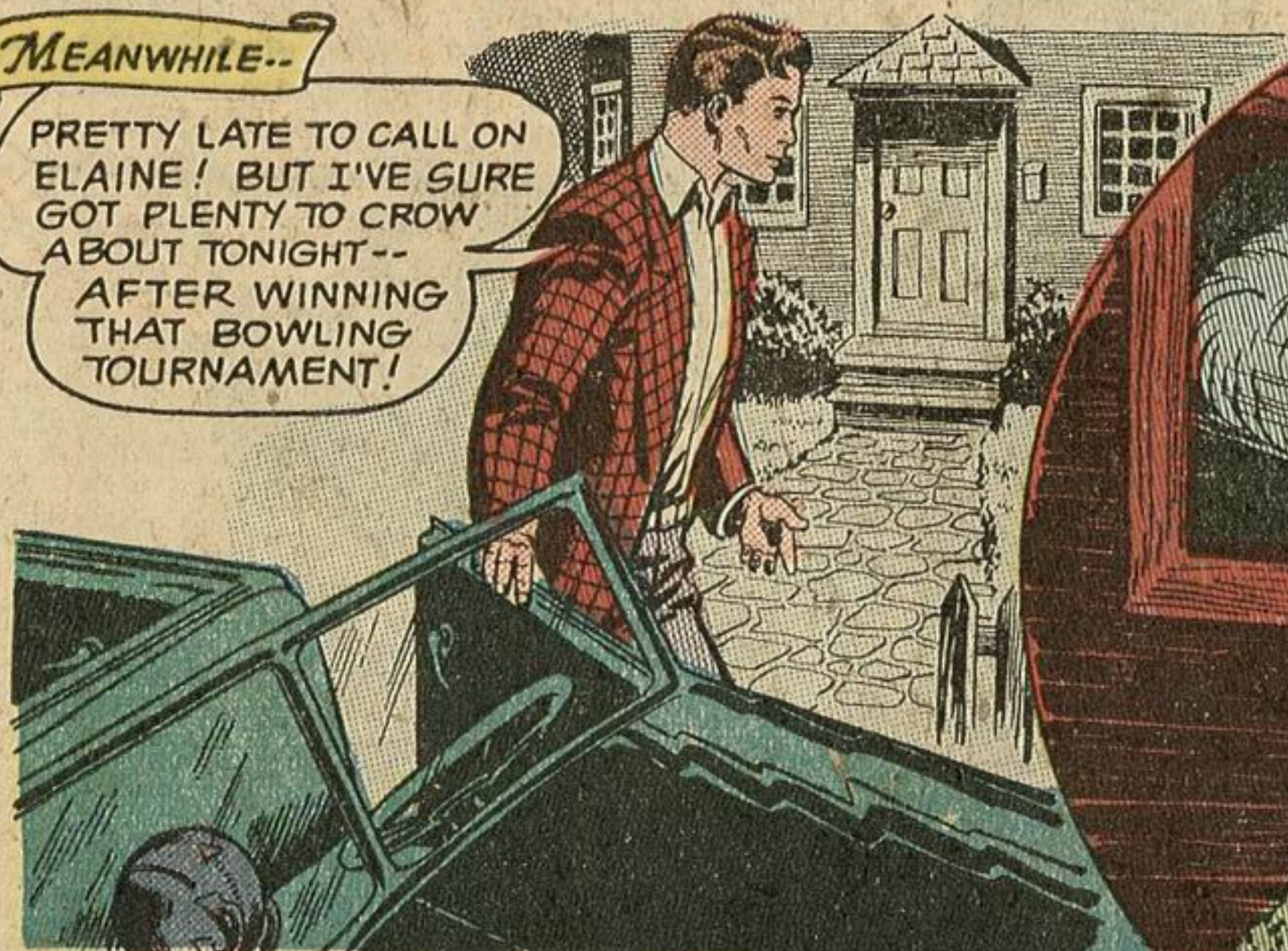


..AND MASTER WANTS YOU!



MEANWHILE--

PRETTY LATE TO CALL ON ELAINE! BUT I'VE SURE GOT PLENTY TO CROW ABOUT TONIGHT-- AFTER WINNING THAT BOWLING TOURNAMENT!



HOLY MACKEREL-- WHATEVER THAT THING IS-- IT'S GOT ELAINE!

IT'S LIKE SOMETHING-- OUT OF A BAD DREAM-- BUT I'VE GOT TO SAVE HER!

AS THE VAPOR OF DEATH DISSOLVES INTO HOLLOW WORDS--



NO HUMAN-- CAN CHECK-- DEATH-SLAVE!



GREAT GUNS-- THE FUMES ARE LIKE ACID-- I CAN'T SEE!

SOON AFTERWARD--

HA! THERE WAS DEATH IN THIS HOUSE THE FIRST TIME SHE CAME-- BUT NOW SHE'LL FIND IT HARBORS SOMETHING FAR MORE HORRIBLE!

WHEN THE ACRID CLOUD FADES--

THEY'VE--VANISHED! WHAT WOULD A THING LIKE THAT WANT WITH A HUMAN-- WHERE IS IT TAKING HER?

MAYBE-- MAYBE, IF I FOUND OUT HOW IT MANAGED TO GET ON HER TRACK, I MIGHT GET A LEAD! AND THE FIRST STEP IS TO TRACE WHERE SHE'S BEEN TONIGHT!



ELAINE REVIVES-- IN DENSE DARKNESS--

WHERE--WHERE AM I? EVERYTHING'S BLACK-- AND THOSE TREMENDOUS WAVES OF HEAT COMING TOWARD ME---



SUDDENLY--

IT'S SOME KIND OF STRANGE FURNACE-- BURNING WHITE-HOT!



THEN-- MOVING INTO THE FIERY GLARE--

YES-- A VERY UNUSUAL FURNACE-- AS YOU ARE GOING TO LEARN!

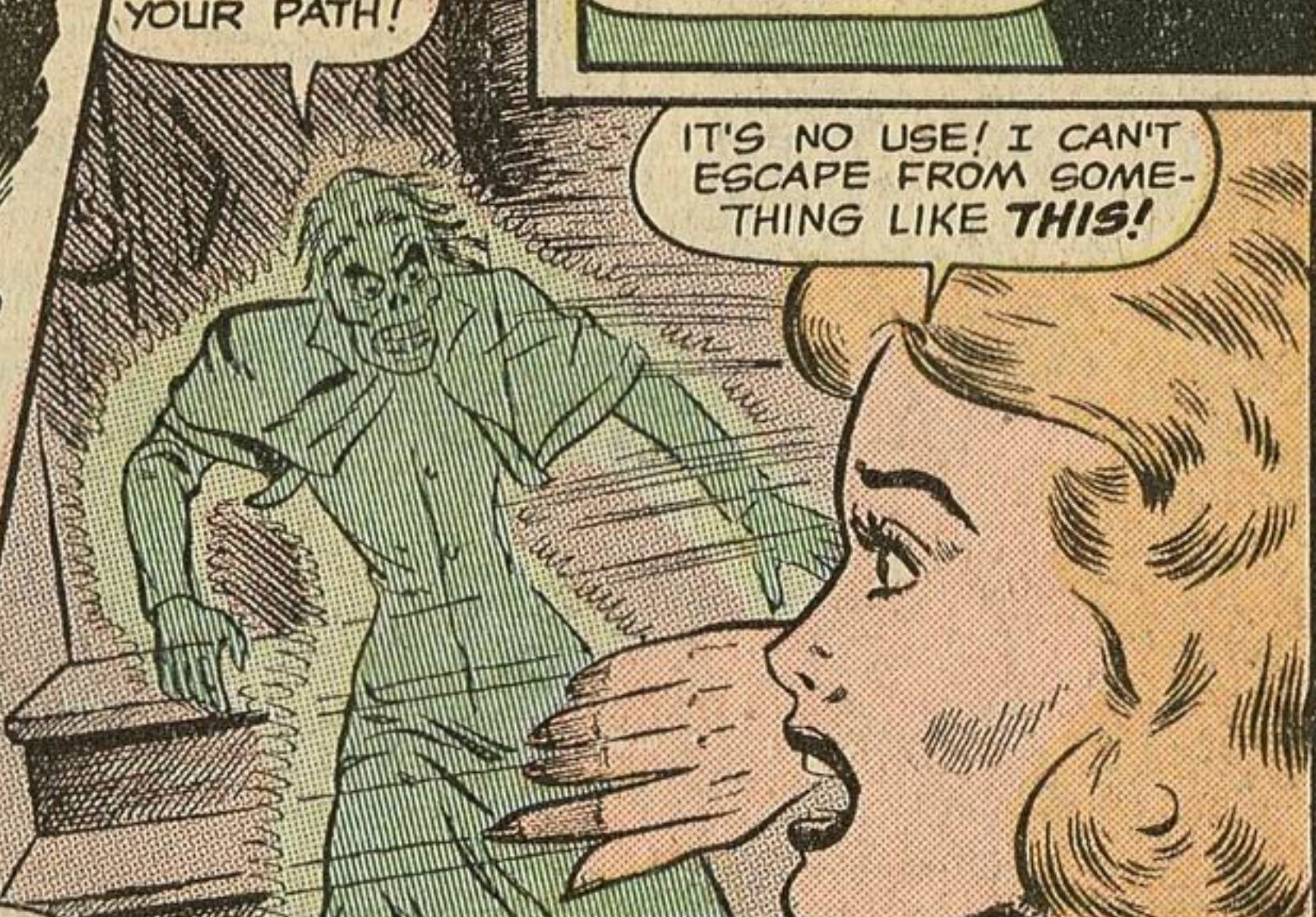


OHH! THEY'RE TOGETHER-- THE THING THAT BROUGHT ME HERE-- AND THE DEMON WHO RAISED MR. JORDAN'S BODY FROM DEATH!

THERE'S NOTHING BETWEEN ME AND THE DOOR-- I'VE GOT TO REACH IT!

YOU THINK YOUR WAY IS CLEAR-- BUT WATCH!

YES-- I'VE PROJECTED MY SPIRIT SELF INTO YOUR PATH!



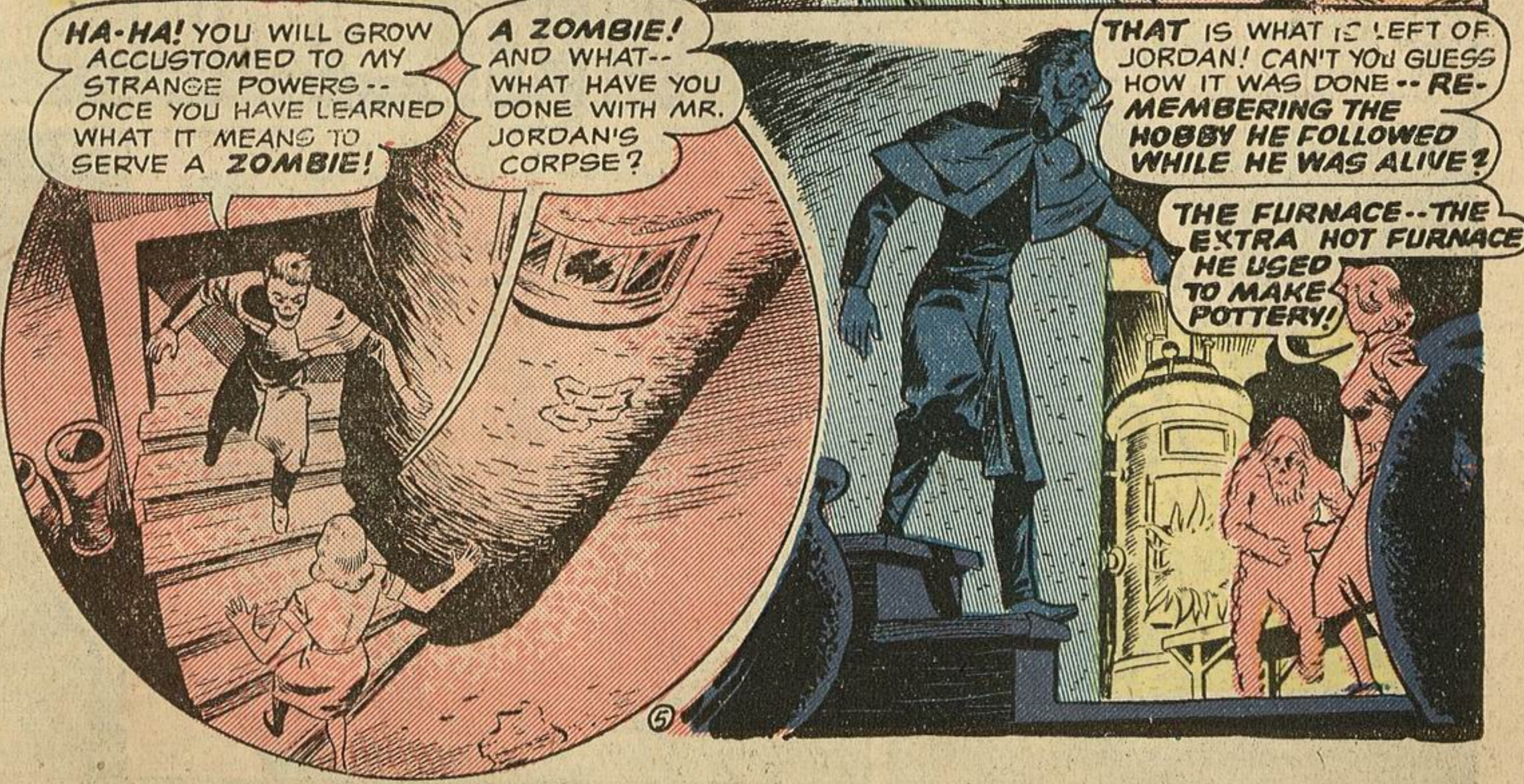
IT'S NO USE! I CAN'T ESCAPE FROM SOMETHING LIKE THIS!

HA-HA! YOU WILL GROW ACCUSTOMED TO MY STRANGE POWERS-- ONCE YOU HAVE LEARNED WHAT IT MEANS TO SERVE A ZOMBIE!

A ZOMBIE! AND WHAT-- WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH MR. JORDAN'S CORPSE?

THAT IS WHAT IS LEFT OF JORDAN! CAN'T YOU GUESS HOW IT WAS DONE-- REMEMBERING THE HOBBY HE FOLLOWED WHILE HE WAS ALIVE?

THE FURNACE--THE EXTRA HOT FURNACE HE USED TO MAKE POTTERY!



I REMAINED IN MY TOMB FOR YEARS-- BIDDING MY TIME-- KNOWING WHAT JORDAN'S DEATH WOULD MEAN TO ME! WHAT MORE COULD I ASK-- A CORPSE LYING IN AN ISOLATED HOUSE-- **A HOUSE WITH THE VERY KIND OF FURNACE I NEED TO CREATE DEATH-SLAVES IN AN INFERNO OF FLAME!**

BUT WHY SOMETHING LIKE **THIS**-- A BODY CREMATED UNTIL THERE'S NOTHING LEFT BUT **SMOKE?**

BECAUSE FIRE DESTROYS THE BRAIN AND NERVE CELLS-- THE VERY SOURCES OF WILL POWER THAT MAKE THE DEAD DIFFICULT TO CONTROL! BUT A **DEATH-SLAVE** IS A BODY REDUCED TO ITS LOWEST FORM-- **A CREATURE WHOSE ONLY FUNCTION IS TO OBEY!**

THIS IS THE START OF A **HORDE** OF DEATH-SLAVES! FIRST JORDAN-- AND NOW--

THAT'S WHY YOU BROUGHT ME HERE-- BUT YOU CAN'T DO IT-- I'M NOT DEAD!

YOU!



YOU WILL BE-- AFTER THE FURNACE GETS IN ITS WORK! KEEP YOUR GAZE ON MINE-- AND DO MY BIDDING!

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME? **I CAN'T FEEL ANYTHING BUT HIS OVERPOWERING WILL!**

I AM WAITING! JORDAN USED THESE ROLLERS TO AVOID THE TREMENDOUS HEAT WHEN HE PLACED OBJECTS IN THE FURNACE! ONE THRUST OF MY FOOT WILL SEND YOU INTO THE FLAMES-- AND AUTOMATICALLY CLOSE THE DOOR ON YOUR FIERY TOMB!

HOLY SMOKE!



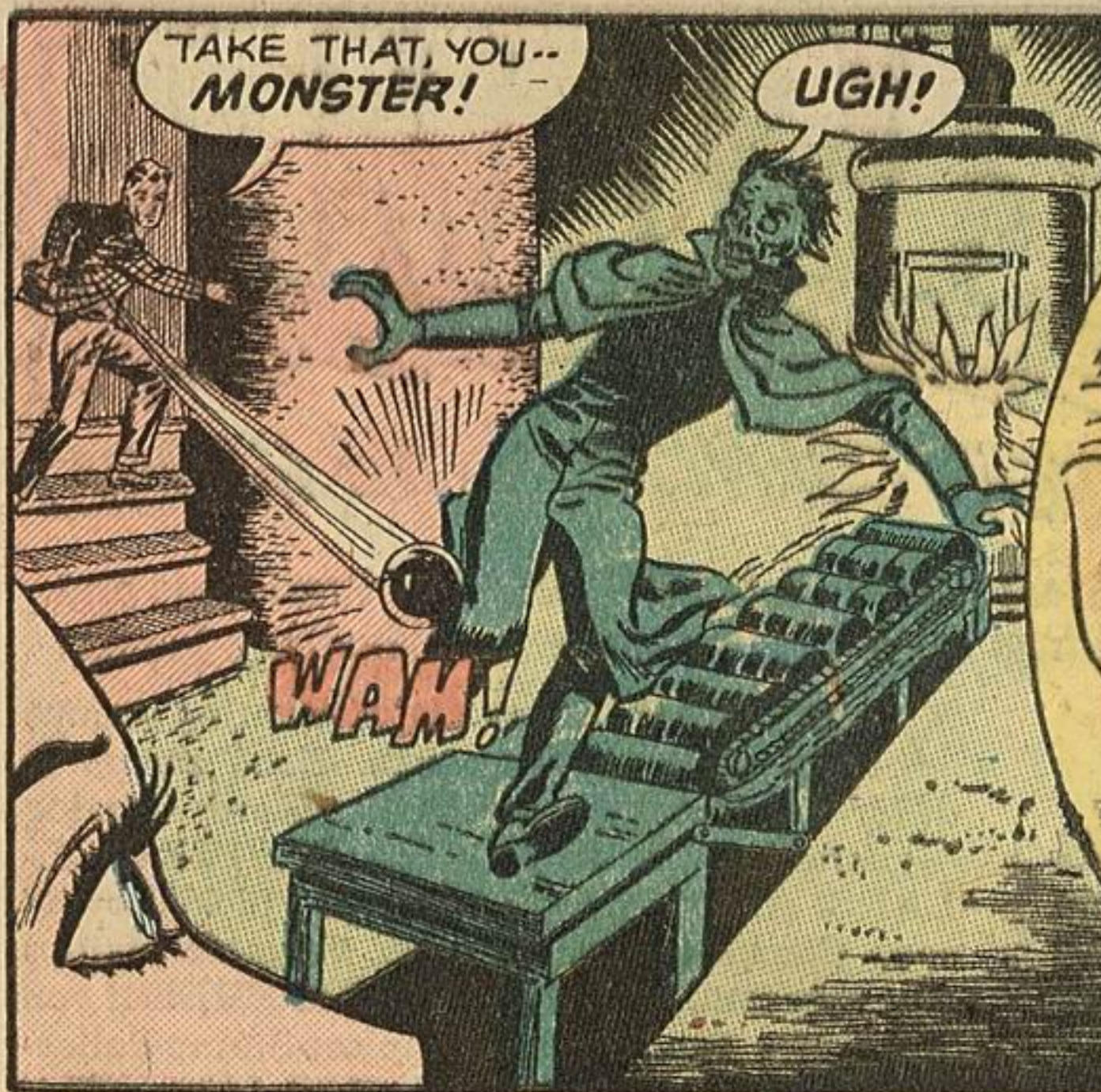
SHE-- SHE'S UP AGAINST SOMETHING NEW NOW-- SOMETHING **WORSE!** AND **THIS**-- IT'S MY **ONLY WEAPON!**



COME CLOSER-- DEATH-SLAVE!

ELAINE-- GET BACK-- GET BACK!

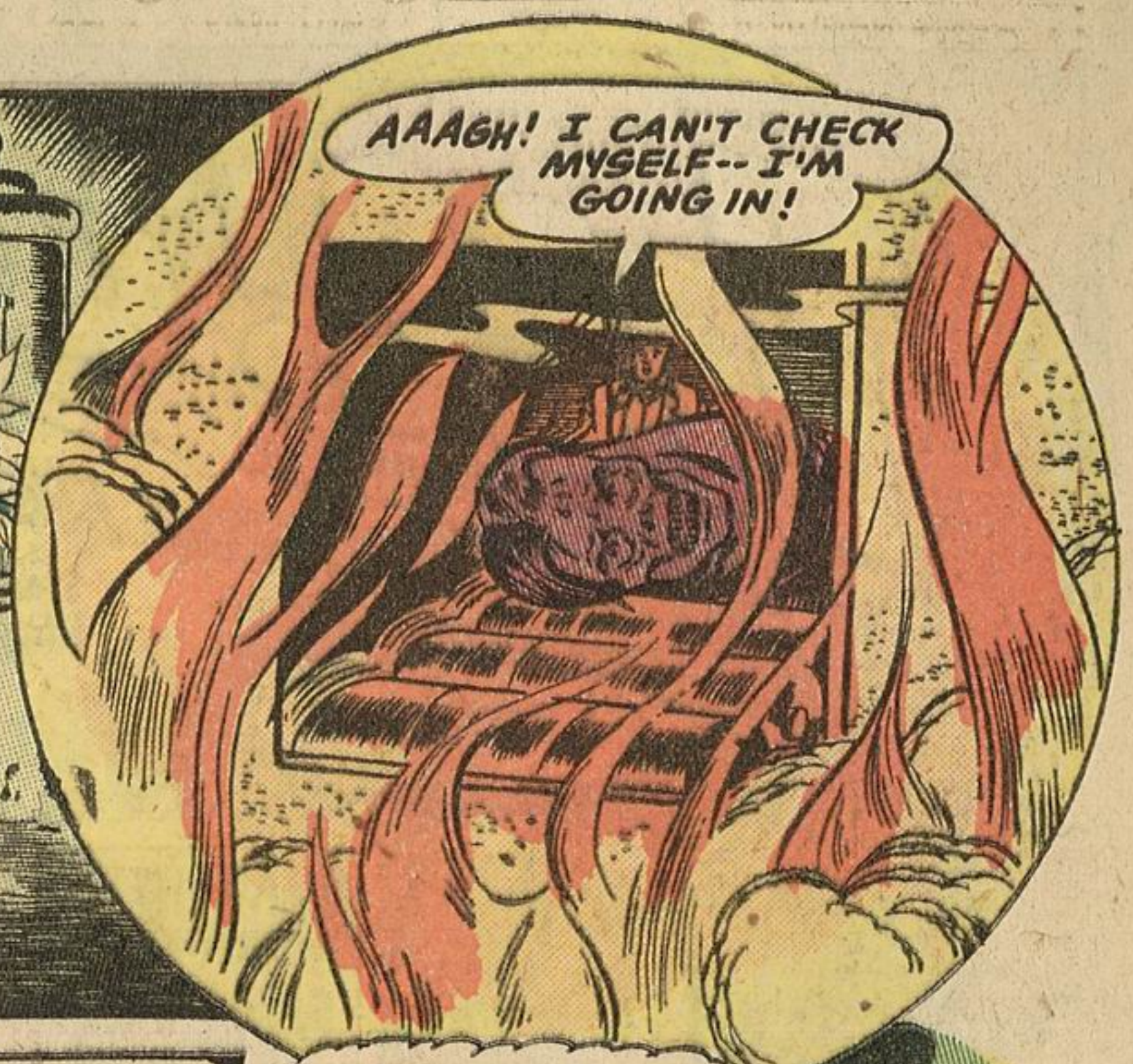




TAKE THAT, YOU--
MONSTER!

UGH!

WAM!



AAAGH! I CAN'T CHECK
MYSELF-- I'M
GOING IN!



THEN-- AS THE ROARING
FLAMES ENGULF A
STRANGLER'S CRY--

BILL!

HOLD IT, HONEY! THE BIG SHOT'S
BEEN BURNED UP-- AND I
DON'T THINK HIS SMOKY
SIDEKICK FEELS TOO
HAPPY ABOUT IT!

CLANK

WRITHING FROM THE FLAMES LIKE A
DEMON-POSSESSED--

MY ZOMBIE
WILL-- MY ZOMBIE
BRAIN-- DESTROYED
FOREVER! THERE IS
ONLY ONE REFUGE
FOR WHAT IS LEFT--
MY EVERLASTING
TOMB!

AS THE ZOMBIE'S SPIRIT
SWIRLS OUT INTO OBLIVION--

ELAINE--
LOOK! THAT
THING'S
DISSOLVING
INTO A
SMALL
MOUND
OF DUST!

THAT'S ASHES,
BILL-- THE LAST
REMAINS OF
JORDAN'S
BODY--
RELEASED
FROM THE
BONDAGE OF
A DEATH-SLAVE!



DEATH SLAVE HAS NO
LIFE-- BUT LIFE OF
ITS MASTER! WHERE
IS MY MASTER?

BILL-- DON'T
TRY TO FIGHT
THAT THING
OFF! THERE'S
AN EASIER WAY
-- I'M GOING TO
SHOW IT WHAT
IT WANTS
TO SEE!

NO USE DWELLING ON WHAT
MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED, HONEY
-- IF I HADN'T MANAGED TO GET
THE LIBRARIAN ON THE PHONE
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT! SHE
MENTIONED SUGGESTING THAT YOU
VISIT JORDAN-- AND I DECIDED
TO DRIVE AROUND FOR A LOOK!



MASTER!
MASTER!

AND TO THINK THAT IT ALL
STARTED WITH MY INTEREST
IN POTTERY! BUT SINCE
THERE'S STILL THE
PROBLEM OF WHAT TO DO
WITH MY SPARE TIME,
DARLING-- I'M WILLING
TO SWAP A HOBBY FOR
A HUBBY-- WHEN--
EVER YOU'RE
READY!



the
END

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in New York



DJIBOUTI —
Stamp shows
world-famous Mo-
hammadan
shrine.



RUSSIA — This
unique stamp was
worth a quarter
of a MILLION
RUBLES!



COSTA RICA —
Famous bull
stamp of Central
American repub-
lic.



TOGOLAND — In-
teresting scene of
tribal native
women pounding
grain.

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THIS MOST FASCINATING OF ALL HOBBIES



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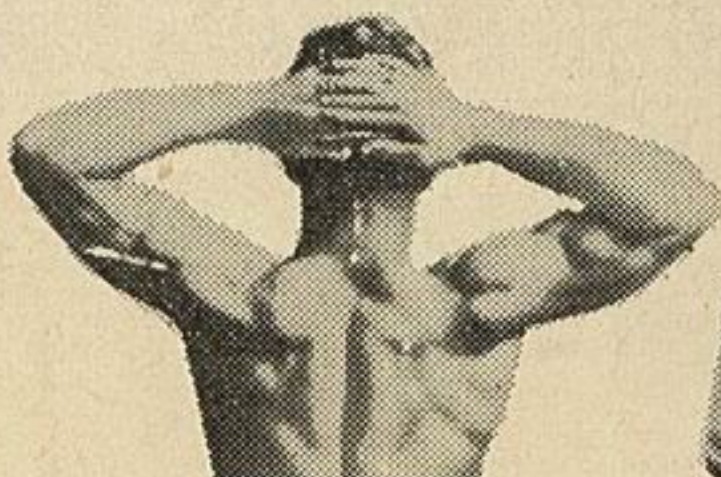
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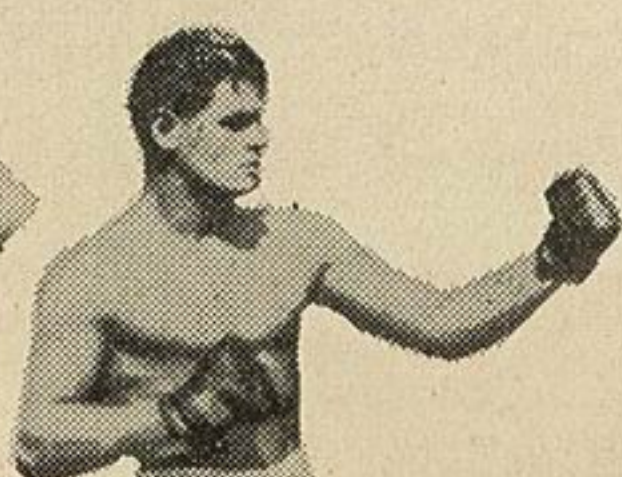
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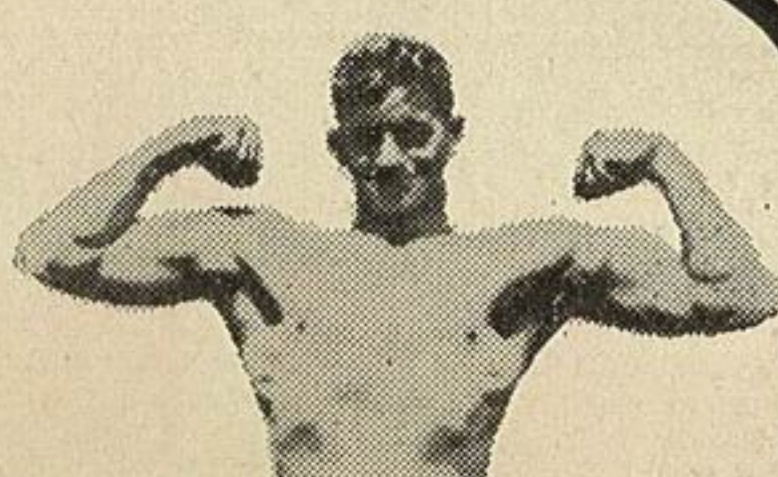
"This photo proves I have gained unusual physical development through your methods."
—R. F., South Africa



"What a difference! Have put 3½ inches on my chest (normal) and 2½ inches expanded." —F. S., New York



"I am sending you this snapshot showing my wonderful progress."
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—W. E., Ohio

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My Illustrated Book is Yours—Not for \$1.00 or 10¢—But FREE!

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